



No. 288.—VOL. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE NEW VICE-QUEEN OF CANADA, THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

She is the daughter of a General who was Private Secretary to the Prince Consort, the granddaughter of a Prime Minister (Earl Grey), and the wife of the new Governor-General of Canada. She is pictured here by Chancellor, of Dublin.

ARAB HORSES IN ENGLAND.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT, WHO MARRIED BYRON'S GRANDDAUGHTER, WHO WENT TO PRISON FOR IRELAND, WHO IS A POET AND AN EXPLORER, GLORIES IN ARAB HORSES.

Major Shakespear, one of the best-known authorities on all manner of sport in India, writing about Arab horses a generation ago, expressed himself as Hafiz might have done about a bottle of wine. "As to price," said he, "count not the money you give for a real Arab. Go sell all you possess and make him your own." Anyone who has known and tried Arab horses in England might say the same to-day, except that they are cheap enough to make no such sacrifice necessary. The average price at Mr. Blunt's sale the other day at Crabbet Park was well under a hundred guineas for the purest breed obtainable anywhere, not excepting the realm of the Prince of the Nedjed.

One of the chief claims of Ulysses to immortality was that Homer never mentioned his name without adding the epithet "horse-nourishing." Mr. Blunt is an excellent poet, and a politician whose patriotism has never been impugned, but the odds are that he will best be remembered as "Horse-Nourishing Blunt." His love for everything Oriental first induced him to start breeding Arab horses for his own pleasure, and he soon found that, both when riding to hounds and handling the ribbons, his experiment had made him particularly fortunate. For many years it was his habit to harness a team of four horses, which had never, or hardly ever, been in the shafts before, and drive them straight away to the Derby, and one of his favourite plans for breaking in his horses is still to take a team out for a long driving-tour every summer. He pitches a tent on a common and tethers his horses outside it in true Bedouin

prove stupid or vicious, he is no fit companion for the children who play about his heels, and accordingly a process of selection for intelligence has gone on from time immemorial, and bears abundant fruit at the present day. English horse-breeders may live in too great a hurry to exercise a similar selection in their own case, but no sportsman can afford to despise a horse's intelligence, whether for hunting or racing, or ordinary riding and driving. As Major Shakespear has pointed out with emphasis, if without grammar, an intelligent horse "is always alive when he rolls over you, and does not crush you like a low-bred horse, who falls when blown as if he was dead."

It is perhaps for polo that Arab horses will chiefly receive consideration in this country and in India. It is extremely difficult to obtain a thoroughbred within the regulation of 14.2, but most Arabs are well under it, and their intelligence is of special value for polo.

It is a curious fact that all the animals of Arabia are superior to the corresponding kinds elsewhere. A Muhammadan might tell you that this was due to the special virtues of the land which witnessed the birth and development of his religion; but the simpler theory is more acceptable, that the same original races of animals enjoy the benefits of more natural development. It is not only the horse, but the fox, the hare, the gazelle, the ibex, the oryx, the jerboa, and any beast you may mention, which finds its highest development in this favoured land. As to the horses, so many and so conspicuous are their good qualities that no wide stretch of the fancy is necessary for acceptance of the Bedouins' tradition that the ancient domestic breed was originally a gift to their ancestors from King Solomon, who has always been held to possess special powers over the whole animal world, and to have understood every dialect of its language.

The chief points of the Arab horse are: a short, well-formed head, a broad and intellectual forehead, a fine muzzle, and a prominent eye, which seems sleepy in repose, but is very brilliant at moments of excitement. The ear is particularly well pricked, and of such sensitiveness that a rider may tell most of the animal's thoughts simply by watching it. The neck is strong, light, and muscular, and perhaps a little short, according to English notions. The head is usually not carried so high as that of an English thoroughbred; but, on the other hand, the tail cannot be carried too high, and it is generally safe to judge the character of an Arab horse by the way in which he carries his tail. This is not



MR. BLUNT IN ARAB DRESS AT SHEYKH OBEYD.

fashion, only regretting that the customs of the country prevent recourse to nomadic habits for picking up his dinner. Of course, in the desert an Arab horse is chiefly remarkable for its powers of endurance, but Mr. Blunt is too careful of his cattle to put this to a practical test over here. He is quite content to find that his team can easily accomplish from thirty to thirty-five miles a day without turning a hair.

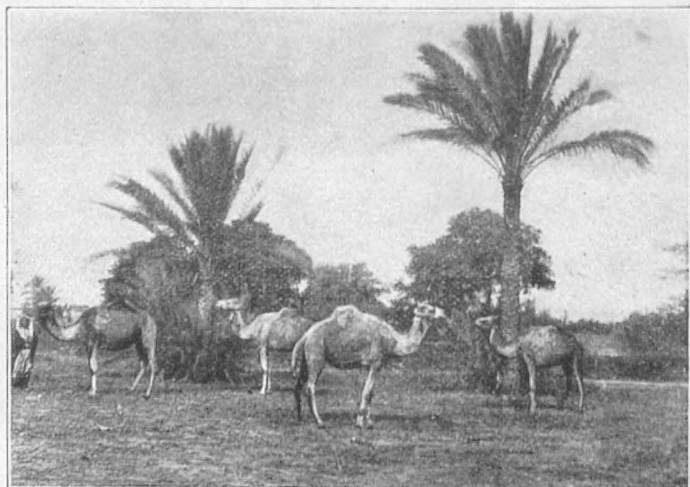
His experiment has now proved such a success that, from a fancy breeder, he has turned into a kind of missionary for the propagation of Arab stock. He is convinced that the advantage of an admixture of Arab blood in English horse-breeding must be of advantage, and if he does not attempt any cross-breeding himself, it is because he has enough to do with producing the original article. But he holds it to be an infallible recipe for the production of a good hunter to mix one quarter of Arab blood with three-quarters of English thoroughbred. He believes also that the same procedure may easily prove effective in producing racers, and he can mention instances of some of his mares having presented English thoroughbred sires with winners of good races in the first generation.

It is not merely, however, for breeding that Arabs are to be recommended. An English thoroughbred will doubtless beat them at mere speed, but the one that will do so will cost very much more at present prices. Speed is not, and has never been, the chief point of an Arab. Time is not money in the desert, and other qualities are of far higher account. What Arab breeders for generations, and indeed for centuries, have chiefly considered has been the intelligence of the animal. Among the Arabs the horse is a member of the family, and by no means the one who receives the least consideration. He lives and sleeps in the encampment and associates on familiar terms with everybody. If he

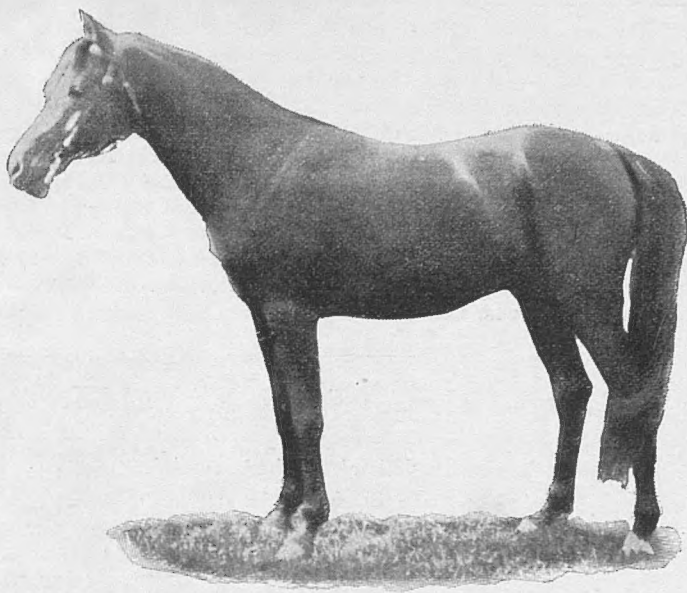


MR. WILFRID BLUNT.

Photo by Maul and Fox, Piccadilly.



MR. BLUNT'S CAMEL HERD ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT, EGYPT.



MAREB (SOLD FOR 80 GUINEAS).



RAS EL AIN (SOLD FOR 150 GUINEAS).

always understood in England, and Arabs are often foolishly criticised at sales and shows for what is really one of their peculiar excellences.

Arabs make the very best shooting-horses possible, as the courage is unbounded, even in the presence of big game. They will go close enough to a wild boar for the rider to spear him, and, even when they have been wounded several times by his tusks, they will come up again and again to the charge. As far as the horse is concerned, it would be quite possible to take him up to tigers and spear them; but for that it would be necessary to discover riders of equal courage, which would not be easy. Panthers, however, have frequently been speared from the backs of Arab horses. The only animal they seem to be really afraid of is the bear, though, as a matter of fact, it is by no means so formidable as a wild boar or a panther.

I think I have now said enough to emphasise the usefulness of Mr. Blunt's experiment.



ROULA, A FOUR-YEAR-OLD STALLION, BRED AT CRABBET PARK.

It has cost him an infinite labour of love in scouring Arabia and persuading Bedouin chiefs to part with mares which they valued far more highly than their wives or their children, and it has been no child's play bringing his prizes to England, where, however, they have soon become acclimatised to their new surroundings. Probably no one else would have been found with sufficient enterprise and enthusiasm to make a similar effort, and it must be a source of great gratification to him that it is at last being properly appreciated and shows promise of affecting some day the breed of horses in this country. For a long time he was considered to be making the attempt of a visionary; but now that the virtue of Arab horses is becoming recognised, not merely for stud purposes, but on their own merits, he may certainly claim to have carved himself a substantial niche in the temple of that animal, which in England must certainly be acknowledged as one of the foremost among the minor deities.—H. V.



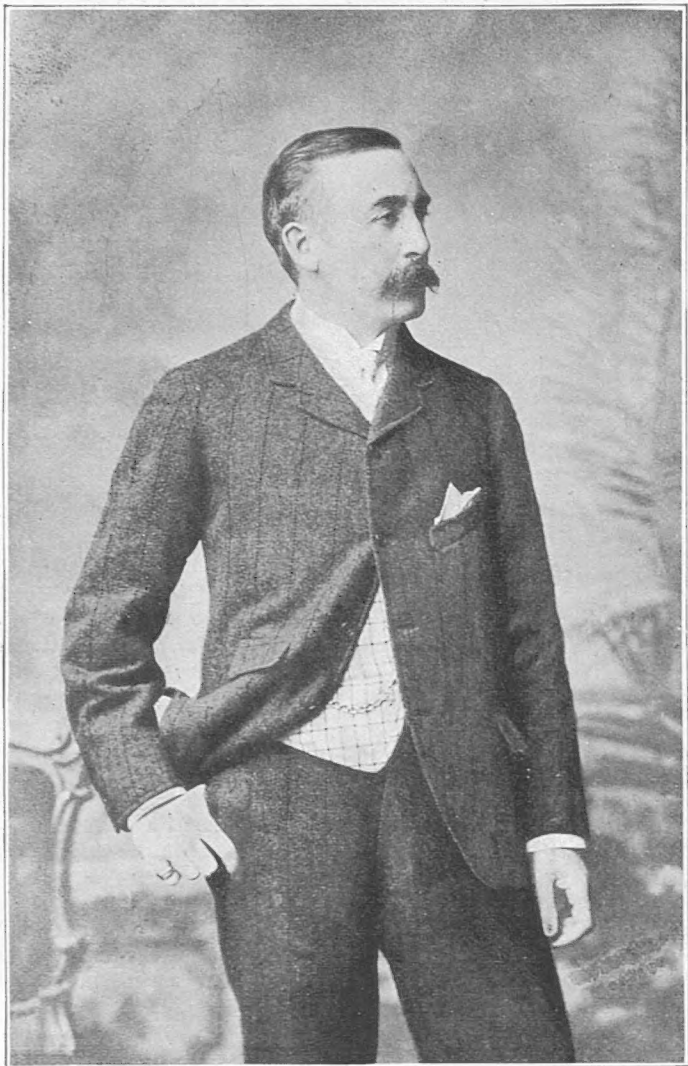
ROSE OF JERICHO.



WILD BELL (SOLD FOR 75 GUINEAS).

LORD MINTO, THE VICE-KING OF CANADA.

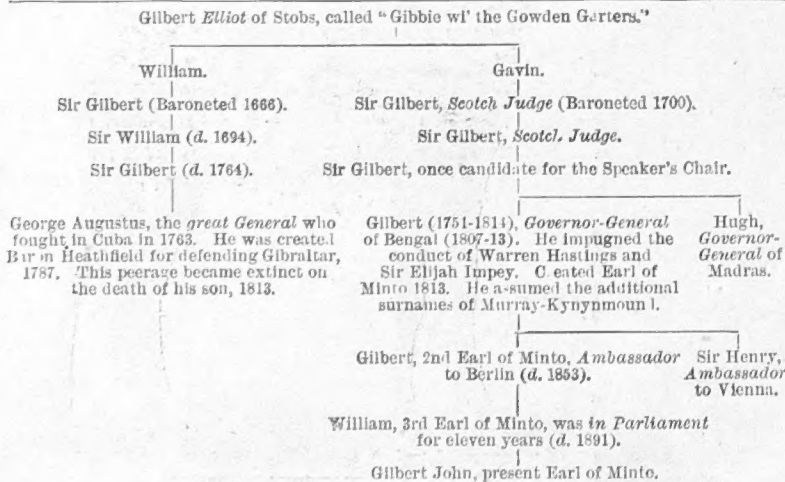
Another Scot has been selected for the Governor-Generalship of Canada, for the Earl of Minto is to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen. Gilbert John Elliot-Murray-Kynynmound, fourth Earl of Minto, was born in 1845,



LORD MINTO, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

and, having taken his degree at Cambridge, entered the Scots Guards in 1867. He was attached to the Turkish Army during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He saw fighting in Afghanistan in 1879, and in Egypt in 1882, and he was appointed military secretary to the Governor-General of Canada in 1883. When the Riel Rebellion broke out, in 1885, he resigned his position as military secretary, and volunteered for service with the Canadian Militia, being made Chief of Staff. He was popular with all ranks, and fairly idolised by French scouts and Boulton's Horse, for during the advance he invariably rode with the irregular cavalry. The interest he took in sending Canadian voyageurs to the Nile in the expedition of 1884 is still remembered, so that he goes out to the Far West with every hope of a warm welcome.

Lord Minto's ancestors have served the nation faithfully for many a long year. Originally warriors on the Borders, the Elliots have been conspicuous figures in history for four centuries. The story of what they have done for England during the last two centuries may be summarised thus—



Even the women of the family distinguished themselves, for Miss Jean Elliot, daughter of the second baronet, wrote "The Flowers of the Forest."

The Countess of Minto has also the blood of administrators in her veins. Her father, the Hon. Charles Grey, was private secretary first to the Prince Consort and then to the Queen. Her grandfather, the second Earl Grey, was Prime Minister from 1830 to 1834. Her great-grandfather was a gallant soldier who distinguished himself in the first American War (though he lost us Guadeloupe in 1794). He was created Earl Grey in 1806, and was the ancestor of the present Sir Edward Grey, who was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and from whom great things are expected. Lord and Lady Minto, who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, just fifteen years ago, have two sons and three daughters. Their heir is Victor Gilbert Lariston Garnet Elliot-Murray-Kynynmound, Viscount Melgund, who was born in 1891.

THE LAMENT OF AN EX-VALET.

Oh, the Twelfth o' August's comin',
I can 'ear the grouse-wings 'ummin',
As I sits within my little pub. at Bow;
An' my thoughts are northward turnin',
An' my 'eart's filled with a yearnin'
For to see once more the bonnie heather hills.

I 'ave 'ad my 'igh-falootin'
At 'is Ludship's Scottish shootin',
An' played 'avoc with the 'earts o' Northern lasses;
An' the lydies'-mide an' cook
Treated me jus' like a dook,
An' the good old butler filled me up with Bass's.

When the gent's day's sport was over,
It was then I was in clover,
For the whisky mide 'em squiffy-like, an' bold;
It was, "'Awkins, 'ere, you mule;
Get yourself a drink, you fool,"
As in my palm they'd drop a picce o' gold.

But them days are gorn for ever;
When I wed I 'ad to sever
My connection with 'is Ludship, as 'is vally.
Arter such a situation,
Well! I feels the degradation,
When I'm servin' pints o' "four-arf" dahn the alley.

It's the drop o' gin I'm drinkin'
That 'as set my thoughts a-thinkin';
That's why I sez the Twelfth o' August's comin'.
But I gets some consolation
From my own imagination,
For traffic's 'um it turns to grouse-wings 'ummin'.

GEOFFREY PENWORTH.



THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.
Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

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FROM	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... dep.	6 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 40	1 50	3 37	3 55	4 55	5 0
London Bridge ...	6 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 40	1 50	3 37	3 55	4 55	5 0
Portsmouth ... arr.	8 32	1 0	1 41	2 16	3 50	4 23	5 50	6 39	6 56	7 37
Ryde ...	9 10	1 40	2 20	3 0	4 30	5 10	6 30	7 20	7 40	8 30
Sandown ...	9 38	2 10	2 43	3 37	4 57	5 45	6 56	8 20	8 29	9 24
Shanklin ...	9 45	2 15	2 48	3 45	5 14	5 50	7 0	8 25	8 25	9 30
Ventnor ...	10 0	2 27	3 0	3 35	5 15	6 0	7 10	8 35	8 31	9 40
Cowes ...	11 25	3 17	3 17	3 35	6 0	6 0	7 55	7 55	9 5	...
Newport ...	11 1	3 0	3 0	3 55	6 15	6 15	7 32	8 43	8 43	...
Freshwater ...	11 45	3 33	3 33	4 46	6 58	6 58	9 30	9 30	9 30	...

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 3 and 4.—SPECIAL TRAINS
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PULLMAN FAST TRAINS (First Class only), from Victoria 10.5 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.10 a.m.

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paddington ... dep.	5 30	8 50	9 0	9 30	10 30	10 35	10 45	11 30	11 45	11 45
Weymouth ... arr.	...	10 20	4 12
Guernsey	5 0
Jersey	7 0
Minchhead ...	11 55	3 30
Barnstaple ...	1 5	3 13
Ilfracombe ...	2 23	4 18
Exeter ...	1 59	1 46
Dawlish ...	11 23	2 19
Telgumouth ...	11 35	2 30
Torquay ...	12 23	3 5
Plymouth (Mill Bay) ...	12 53	...	3 13	3 53
Newquay	5 55	6 23
Falmouth ...	4 18	...	6 18	6 40
St. Ives ...	5 25	7 15
Penzance ...	4 58	7 7
Tenby ...	3 0
Dolgelly
Barmouth
Aberystwyth

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.	night.
Paddington ... dep.	1 20	1 30	3 0	6 0	9 0	9 15	9 45	12 0	12 10	12 10
Weymouth ... arr.	7 5	11 0	2B 5
Guernsey	6 30
Jersey	9 0
Minchhead ...	6 46	8 25
Barnstaple	8 29
Ilfracombe	9 29
Exeter ...	5 51	7 22	11 6	2 8
Dawlish ...	6 13	8 14	11 28
Telgumouth ...	6 26	7 52	11 39	3 0
Torquay ...	7 15	8 37	12 18	3 40
Plymouth (Mill Bay) ...	7A46	9 10	1 0	4 35
Newquay
Falmouth ...	10 40	7 0
St. Ives	7 35
Penzance ...	11 2	7 25
Tenby	6D2
Dolgelly ...	9 10
Barmouth ...	9C50
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NURSE AND WILLIAM.

ANOTHER TALE FOR GROWN-UPS.

The man who keeps the Mag'zine sent me some guineas for the other tale Mr. Duff wrote for me; 'n' he's writing this one too, 'cause I'm not quite out of double lines yet. But I shall ask the Mag'zine man to send pennies 'stead of guineas. Meg 'n' me don't like silver money. Grown-ups always laugh when we say we'd rather have pennies. But they don't know. Once, when we was in the drawing-room saying "good-night" to Major Birkett-Sine, he said, "Would you rather have a shilling each, or a penny?" We said, "A penny, thank you," 'n' then Nurse took us out. Then we heard the people laughing. I said to Nurse, "What are they laughing for?" 'N' Nurse said, "'Cause you chose pennies." So I said, "Wait a minute, Nurse," 'n' I ran back into the drawing-room. I said, "You think Meg 'n' me are silly for choosing pennies 'stead of shillings. But you don't know; Nurse puts all the silver money into our money-boxes, but we have the pennies to spend. That's why."

This tale's about Nurse 'n' William. He's her sweet-tart. He's come back from Africa, 'cause a lion ate his master, so he's come back to find a new one. One day they quarrelled. I saw Nurse crying—not a wet cry, but inside her eyes, like I do if people say angry things to me; 'n' my throat shuts up tight too. It's worse 'n' crying tears, like I do when Jim pinches, or I knock my head against the table—much worse. So I knew she was sorry about something, 'n' I asked her why she was crying. But she said she wasn't crying, only William had had "a few words" with her. That's what the Vicar always has on Sunday, but I'm so tired I go to sleep. I s'pose grown-ups aren't allowed to, and it makes them cross. But Nurse said William hadn't been like the Vicar, but they'd quarrelled. So I said, "Why don't you smack each other like Meg 'n' me do, 'n' then we're all right again?" But she said, "No! 'n' she was very unhappy."

Papa knows everything, so after dinner I went out on to the lawn, 'n' papa was in a hammock. He had a glass of something that looked nice 'n' fizzy, only there was something nasty in it. I tasted it, when Papa wasn't looking. He called it a "long" drink, but it really only lasted quite a little time. I asked papa how grown-ups made friends again, after they had quarrelled. He said, "Oh, they bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace."

So then I thought, if I could make Nurse 'n' William smoke a pipe 'n' bury a hatchet, they would be friends again, 'n' Nurse would be quite happy.

I knew William would smoke a pipe if I asked him, so I got some of my pennies, 'n' Jim bought a nice white pitcher pipe that afternoon 'n' some tobacco in silver paper from old Mrs. Brown's. He kept it for me till the next morning. I couldn't think where to get a hatchet, till Meg 'n' minded me of a little, nicely carved one that was hanging on the wall in Mamma's room.

I didn't know whether Nurse would bury it, but I took it up into the nursery, 'n' after tea, I said, "Nurse, do you ever bury things?" 'n' she said, "Bury things? No, Miss Dot; I'm not a dog." So I thought I'd have to 'tend 'twas a dead doll, 'n' put it in a box, 'n' ask her to help me to bury it.

So next morning I hid Lucy—that's the one with the kid body—under the couch in the dolls' house, 'n' 'tended she was dead. Of course, she wasn't really dead, but I had to tell Nurse she was. We've got a real dead Grandmamma. She died when Meg 'n' me had new black frocks 'n' things. We don't say her in our prayers now. We say, "God bless everybody," except Grandmamma.

So Nurse got a box, 'n' I put the hatchet in, 'n' Nurse said she'd help me to bury Lucy after lessons.

Jim was poorly that morning, 'n' didn't go to the Vicarage, so he couldn't go to the lodge to take William's pipe. So I had to run down, when we were in the garden, just after breakfast, 'n' Nurse wasn't looking. But the pipe had got rather dirty inside the little cup part, 'n' the tobacco parcel was all rough at the end. But I asked William to smoke it, 'n' he said he would. 'N' I was asking him 'bout the lion eating his master, 'n' if he ate him raw, but Nurse called me, 'n' I had to go.

After lessons we went into the garden, 'n' Nurse carried the box with the hatchet in it, only she thought Lucy was inside. She dug a hole, 'n' we was just burying the box, when Papa came past 'n' asked us what we was doing. Nurse said, "Miss Dot was just burying a broken doll, sir." But I said, "No, Nurse, you've buried the hatchet, 'n' William's smoked the pipe, so now you're friends."

'N' then Papa wanted to know all about it, so I told him, 'n' he laughed ever such a lot, 'n' said, "Nurse 'n' William must make friends now." 'N' so they did. 'N' Papa must have got another little hatchet for Mamma's room, 'cause there's one hanging up there now 'xactly like the one Nurse buried.

ETHEL DRUMMOND HENDERSON.

No one can travel among the Arabs without being struck by the importance attached to the water-supply. Where a rich Englishman would bequeath money to founding a hospital or decorating a church, an Arab can think of no other channel for his charity than the construction of a fountain which will assure him the blessings of all future generations. The Arabs have a curious characteristic in common with horses and other animals. They prefer stagnant water, however disgusting in smell and appearance, to the most limpid running water, which they assert generally contains disagreeable medicinal properties.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Oom Paul needs no introduction to Englishmen. This portrait of him—the most recent that has been taken—shows that the old gentleman bears his years and his responsibilities well.

The natural sequence to Goodwood is Cowes, the last function of the expired Season, at the close of which Society scatters to the four corners of the globe, to amuse itself as seemeth good to those fortunate individuals to whom time is but an adversary to be killed, money a golden stream supplied with a regularity only to be equalled by the best-managed of our water companies. The fast-closing century was in long clothes, so to speak, when the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose headquarters are at Cowes, was founded, though in those infantile days it was, I believe, only called the "Yacht Club." The records of the Club date back to Waterloo year, when a meeting of members took place at the Thatched House Club in London.

The first members of this historic Club paid but a paltry couple of guineas as their annual subscription, and this sum gave them a couple of signal-books as well as membership. The well-known white ensign, with its Union Jack in the corner, was, I fancy, chosen at this meeting, and it was decided that a member must be owner of a yacht of at least ten tons burthen. This last rule was amended a few years later. We all know how fond the Prince of Wales is of Cowes and the Royal Yacht Squadron, and as I write many fashionable folks (and others perhaps unfashionable) are hoping that his Royal Highness's accident will not debar him from his annual visit to delightful Cowes.

It was in 1817 that another Prince of Wales desired, through the Hon. Charles Paget, to become a member of the Yacht Club—"and this," wrote that gentleman, "is to be considered an official notification of his Royal Highness's desire." A few years later and the First Gentleman in Europe was, as King George IV., confessing his desire to be a member of this highly honoured Club, and, in accordance with his instructions, the word "Royal" prefixed the existing "Yacht Club" in the style and title of the institution. Some of the members of to-day, despite the magnificence of their craft, would have found themselves disqualified some seventy years ago, for in 1827 a resolution inimical to *steam* was sternly passed. Another resolution, now as dead as the above, objected to *smoke*—"No smoking to be permitted in the Club-house." What would the framers have said to the cigarettes of 1898, and the ladies who consume them?

It was our naval monarch, the fourth William, who gave the Royal Yacht Squadron its present name, to mark his "approval of an institution of so much national ability." At one time the ensign and burgee were red, and various small changes of detail were made; but the Club came back to the white ensign and the present burgee in a very early stage of its existence. In 1834 the Club uniform was settled, and members recommended to wear it, "especially in foreign parts." Various places

have been used as the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron: the Thatched House Club, Willis's Rooms, and Boodle's, in London, and the Vine Inn and other hostels at East and West Cowes. In 1855, Lord Conyngham offered the Club the lease of Cowes Castle, and there, in 1858, after numerous alterations and improvements, the historic Club took up its abode.

I have just received a letter from a friend in Madrid, and he gives me strange news. In London, we read, day by day, of riots, danger,

suspension of Constitution, secret plots, and troubles of every sort. In Madrid the war excitement has quite died down. The rich people go about taking such amusement as offers, and completing their arrangements to leave town. Poor people know little, and care less, about proceedings. Madrid, as is usual at the time of year, bakes everybody, and the dangerous wind lurks at street-corners ready to cut off stragglers. My friend is of opinion that the wealthy people do not take the question of a bombardment seriously, and the country folk, ground down with taxes and troubles, believe that any change must bring an improvement in their condition. The season at Granada, whither the leisured classes hurry out of the heat, has been a good one, and the prospects of San Sebastian are considered excellent. Judging from the letter before me, I feel certain that hundreds of Spaniards are treating the whole of the fight with absolute indifference, and the area of disturbance, patriotism, and general unrest is more limited than the newspapers would lead us to suppose. At the same time, I am told that the losses among the upper classes are very heavy indeed.

The grandson of the famous Naundorff, the pretender to the throne of France, who calls himself Prince of

Bourbon and claims to be descended from Louis XVII., has been condemned to four months' imprisonment for desertion. He was formerly a lieutenant in the Dutch Army, but some years ago he suddenly left the country and took up his quarters in Paris. He went back to Delft some weeks ago, to visit his family, but was recognised by one of his superior officers and immediately arrested.

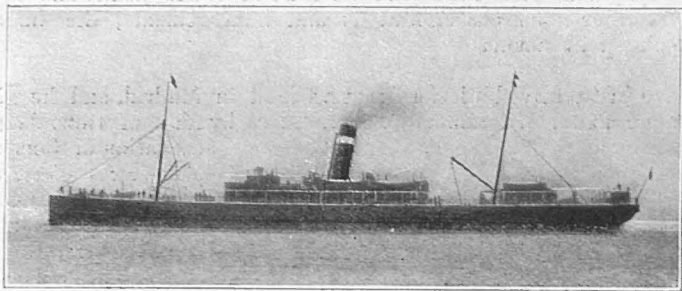
The small town of Kaposvar, in Hungary, has been in a veritable uproar. On July 5, four hundred Gipsies, held back with difficulty by a cordon of police, were hissing and yelling at Rigo and Madame la Princesse de Chimay. On that day the Gipsy brought an action against his wife, Mariska, accusing her of having betrayed him. He argued that, as she was no better than he, she had no claim to the 30,000 francs offered originally as a solatium. Therefore the Gipsies of all the villages round, incited by the offended Mariska, gathered together to express their disapproval of his conduct. The Princess's carriage had to be surrounded by twelve policemen, and two of them kept guard in the corridor all night outside her room. The case has not yet been settled, and has been adjourned until September.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF OOM PAUL.

Photo by Munro, Pretoria

Ireland should be very popular this season, for the London and North-Western Railway Company have built a new steamer, the *Duke of Cornwall*, which runs from Fleetwood to Belfast at the rate of 19½ knots an hour. She is a twin-screw, her length over all is 325 feet, breadth of beam 37 feet, depth to main-deck 17 ft. 6 in., and to promenade-deck 25 ft. 6 in. She is fitted with every comfort, and a good deal of



THE "DUKE OF CORNWALL."

Photo by Redhead, Barrow.

luxury—including a bath-room—and the cooking is quite as good as even a squeamish passenger could look for. First-class accommodation is given not only to human beings, but to cattle. As large numbers of valuable live-stock pass to and fro by the Fleetwood route, the whole available space on the main-deck has been fitted with every appliance for the comfort of animals when crossing, and all the latest requirements of the Board of Agriculture in that respect have been more than carried out.

Speaking of the *Duke of Cornwall*, I may note that the system of the London and South-Western Railway has been extended to Bude, on the romantic and picturesque coast of North Cornwall. The new line is a continuation of the branch railway from Okehampton to Holsworthy, the distance from Holsworthy to Bude being 10 miles 3 furlongs. Immediately after leaving Holsworthy the line crosses the Deer Valley, over which it is carried by a lofty viaduct of nine arches, each of 50 feet span, the depth from the permanent way to the valley being 89 feet. It has been said that Bude possesses two immense "lungs"—on the west the blue waters of the broad Atlantic, on the east an open valley, extending in its first stage to Week St. Mary, seven or eight miles away, and beyond across the Cornish moors—as far, in fact, as Liskeard. At the same time, Bude enjoys a noble expanse of hard sand, stretching along the shore at low water for a distance of five miles. The sea-front is crowned by the Summerleaze Down, whereon cricket and tennis are played during the season, while close at hand are golf links. Bude is at all times bracing.

Mr. John A. R. Cushing, late Master of the *Margarita*, writing from Liverpool, says—

DEAR SIR,—I was surprised to read in your paper of July 13 an article on the yacht *Margarita*, in which it was said the captain had told your correspondent that in bad weather the boat was decidedly given to lurching from side to side. Allow me to tell you I never made any such statement. I am of the same opinion now as when Mr. Drexel owned the yacht, and that is, she is one of the finest sea-boats in the yachting business.

An Irish friend of mine tells me, with regard to my remarks anent the succulent strawberry, that I should certainly not have omitted to mention those historic strawberry-beds on the banks of the Liffey, which for many long years have provided feasts for natives and visitors during the height of summer. The strawberry-beds, my friend tells me, extend for some miles on the northern slopes above the Liffey, and, years ago, there were Strawberry Fairs held there every Sunday afternoon during the season. When the strawberries gave out, towards the close of the day, there were still potheen and porter, with fiddlers, pipers, and dancing, and fast and furious was the fun when the "boys" were in their glory.

As my informant is speaking of Dublin as he knew it when he was young, some forty years since, the fairs and the fun are probably discontinued; but there is, I believe, no reason to doubt the existence and fertility of the famous strawberry-beds. Another strawberry-bed of which I have most pleasant recollections is situated on a small rocky plateau between Torquay and Teignmouth in South Devon. There, on the rich soil above the red sandstone cliff, the strawberry assumed magnificent proportions, and to eat

strawberries-and-cream at "Labrador," as the place was named, was one of the joys of my early youth. There must be many a "Devonian in London" who can recall with delight the blue sea, the red cliffs, the luxuriant foliage, the strawberries, and, above all, the real Devonshire cream of "Labrador."

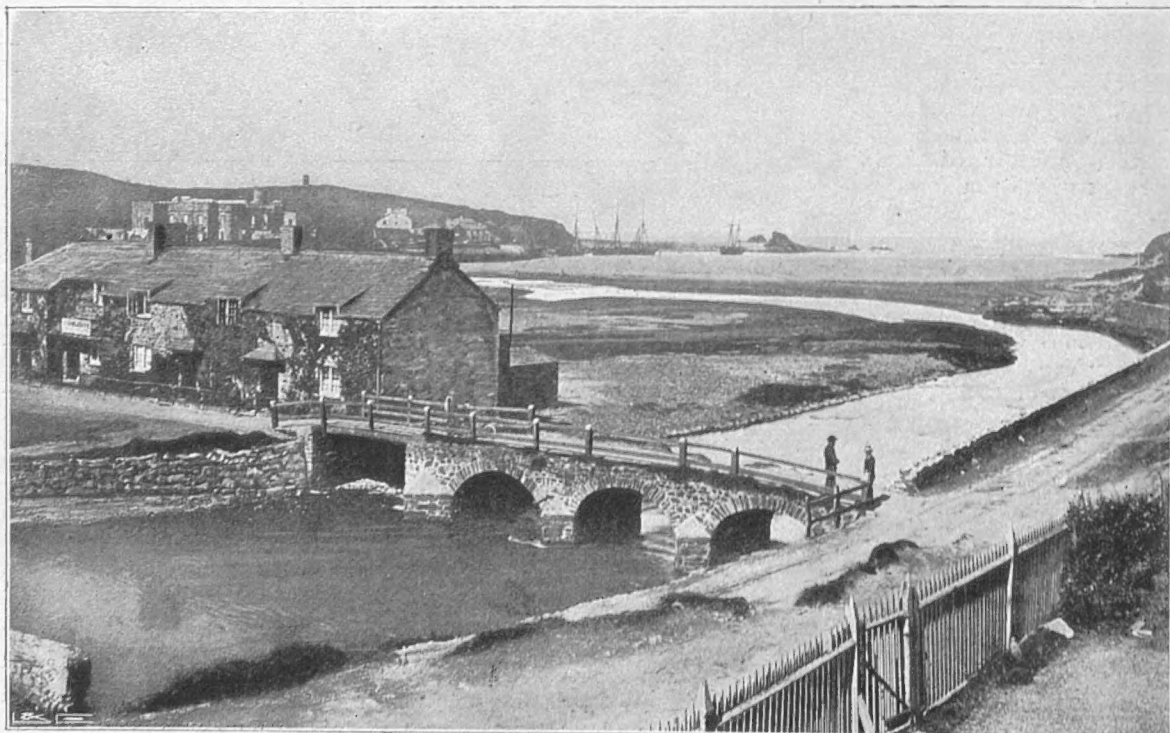
Sandow gave an "At Home" (strange as it may sound) at his school in St. James's Street on Wednesday. The performance was exceedingly interesting, varying from the puny efforts of a young man in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons—who was seized by Sandow, made to strip and show what he was made of—to the efforts of three pupils of varying size. The whole affair was very interesting, and made one wish that mind had time to pay attention to matter.

London has got two new playhouses in the suburban belt since last week—Mr. Robert Arthur's Princess of Wales's Theatre at Kennington, where Sir Henry Irving laid the foundation-stone, and Mr. Edward Compton's new house at Dalston, opened on the same day, Mrs. Compton reminding the audience that for Old Comedy one need not—

"Go to Bath"—or Brompton,
When we've its champion here in Edward Compton.

Mr. William Young, who has been selected to plan the new War Office on the Carrington House site, is one of the best-known of this generation of architects. Tall and dark, with kindly eyes, he is marked out for attention. He learnt his first lessons in architecture in the City of Glasgow, and gained the practical knowledge to which he attributes no small measure of success. It is a quarter of a century since he came to London and opened business. His early work was the erection of those picturesque country-houses which help to give a special importance to the architectural art of the Victorian era. Haselrig Manor House, in Warwickshire, is his, and Holmwood House in Huntingdon. Londoners may obtain some idea of his early classic style from Chelsea House in Cadogan Place, the town residence of Lord Cadogan. But he tried his hand, too, at the classic, as one or two pretty churches in Surrey attest, and as the Town Church of Peebles witnesseth. By these and other works he established a reputation which fired his ambition, and when the Glasgow Municipal Buildings came to be erected he entered the lists. For months he studied in Italy, and his designs have ever since borne traces of his delight in the Italian classic. The competition was keen. Mr. Young had a hundred rivals, the largest open competition of the half-century.

He came out at the top of the list, and has only comparatively recently finished what is, and may perhaps remain, his *magnum opus*, a palace for "bailie bodies" and councillors, which from first to last cost something like half-a-million of money. Its interior, in which there is hardly a dark corner, is unsurpassed for magnificence of conception and richness of detail. Lord Wemyss was one of the earliest of Mr. Young's clients, and he chose him to erect his lovely home, Gosford House, near Edinburgh, the first block of which was built by the brothers Adam a hundred years ago. The staircase of Gosford House is one of the most beautiful in the country. Next, Mr. Young built for the Earl of Feversham the fine classic mansion, Duncombe Park, Yorkshire; for Lord Cadogan, Culford House, a Georgian elevation, in Suffolk; and for Lord Iveagh, Elveden Hall, also in Suffolk. For Lord Iveagh Mr. Young has just completed a beautiful ball-room and staircase for his house in Dublin, marble being lavishly used with rich and striking effect. He has also published one or two books of architectural studies.

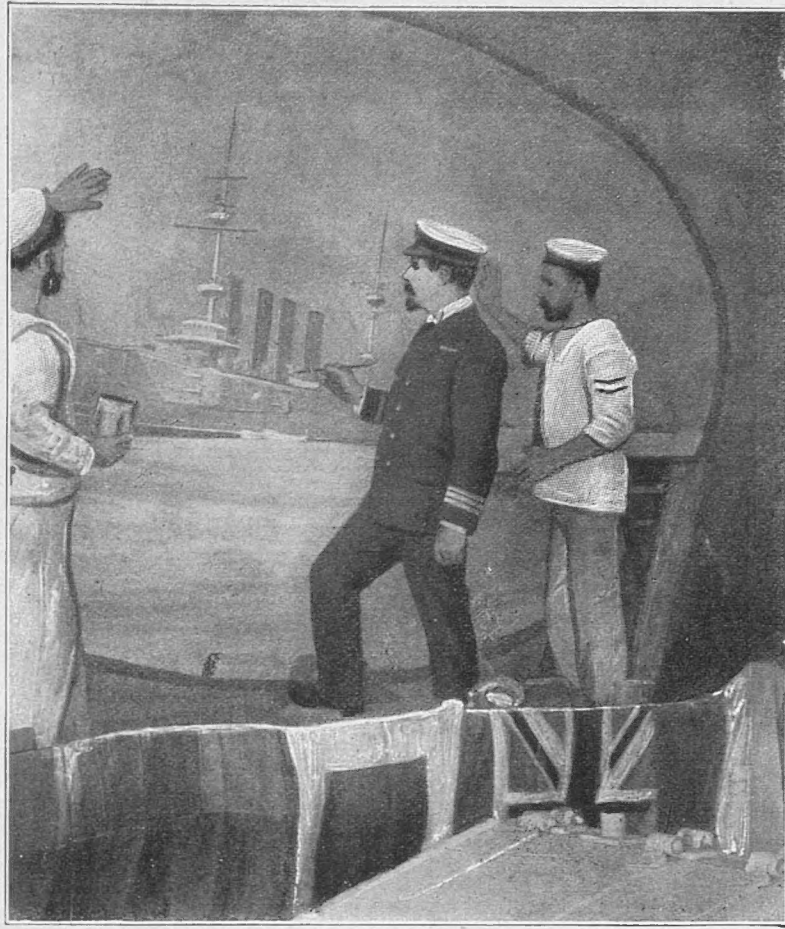


A PICTURE OF BUDE.

To most people midsummer must seem a strange time for giving a pantomime, but in the Navy there is no foolish prejudice in favour of times and seasons. When theatricals are given on board a man-o'-war, they have to be given when the weather and climate admit of it. The only available space for the purpose is the upper deck, and the only shelter that can be had is that given by the awning overhead, assisted by canvas screens rigged round the sides; and very naturally therefore the naval theatrical season is at its height in the very midst of summer.

The usual midsummer theatrical wave has lately passed over the China Squadron lying at Chefoo. A very successful performance of H. J. Byron's burlesque "Aladdin" was given on May 27 on board H.M.S. *Powerful*, by the officers of the ship, under very favourable conditions. With the permission of the Admiral, the piece had the unprecedented run of three nights. The first performance was for the ship's company, the second for the petty officers and men of the Fleet, the third for the officers and the European Colony of Chefoo. The piece, which, of course, abounded in local and naval allusions, not forgetting our latest acquisition, Wei-hai-wei, was extremely well received on each occasion. The costumes were as correct as Chinese tailors could make them. The scenery was admirably designed and painted by one of the officers, and the "ladies" were as close representations of their charming sex as can reasonably be expected to be found on board a man-o'-war. The entertainment made a very agreeable break in the long monotony of life off Chefoo. No leave had been given for two and a-half months, and therefore the efforts of the officers to

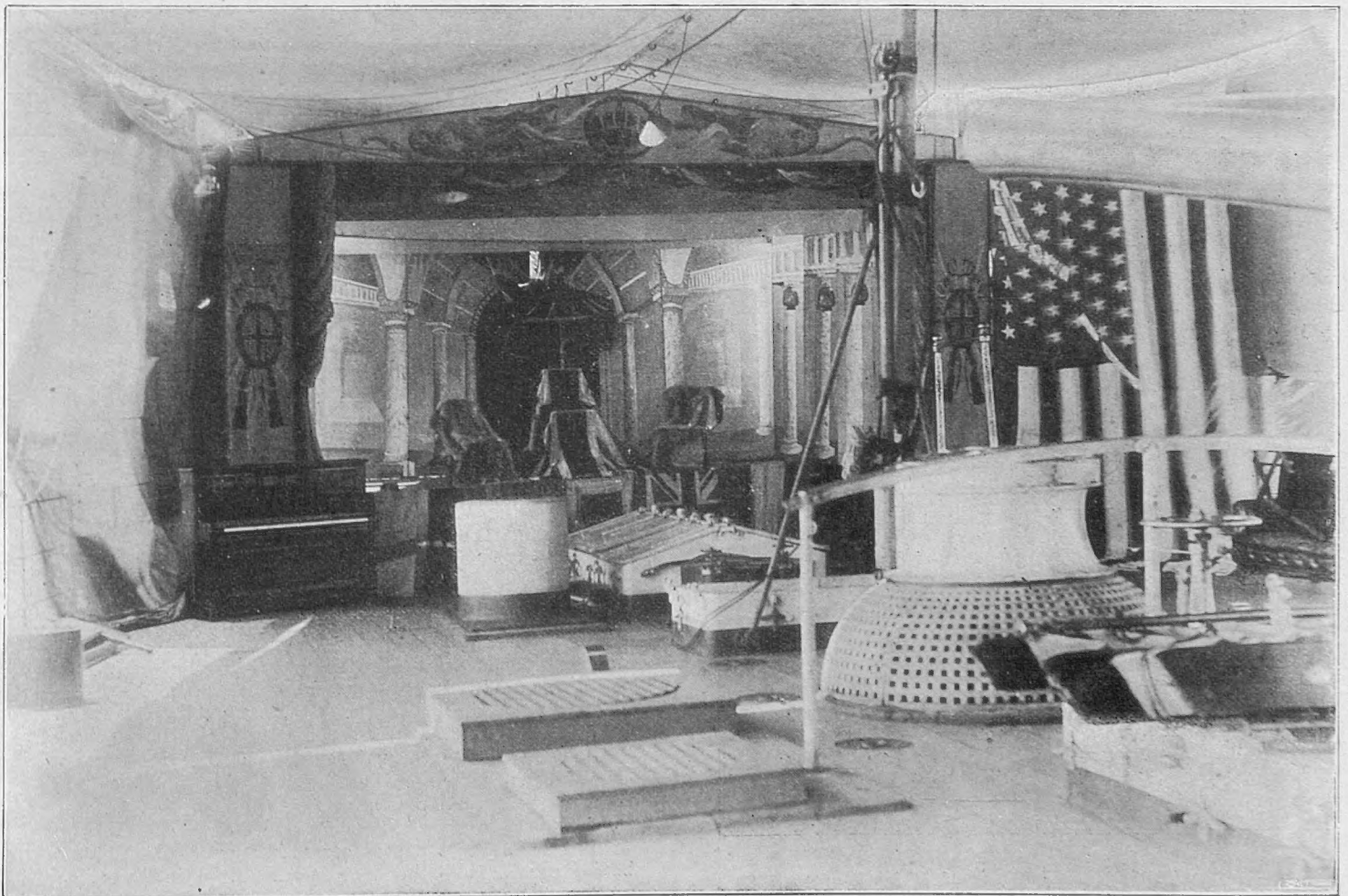
amuse the men were as well received as those of the immortal Captain Reece, who was so devoted to the welfare and amusement of his crew, that, "Whenever they were dull or sad, their captain danced to them like mad," and even, to oblige his men, married his laundress.



THE ARTIST AT WORK ON THE DROP-SCENE, WHICH REPRESENTS H.M.S. "POWERFUL" AT CHEFOO.

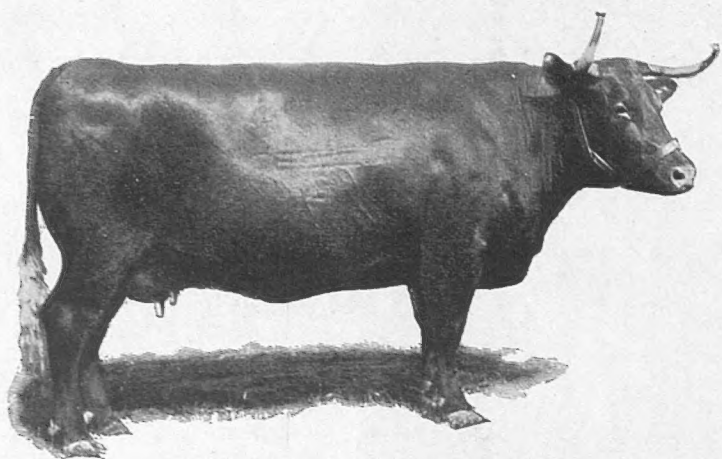
Mr. Goschen has announced the contemplated expenditure of a huge sum of money on additions to the Navy, and almost simultaneously it is stated that there will be renewed activity in the Dockyard of Haulbowline. Nine people out of ten cannot tell you much about Haulbowline, or could even locate this Dockyard, which boasts a name that has a smack of comic opera about it. I confess I was remarkably ignorant myself upon the subject until the announcement I have referred to induced me to refresh my memory. Haulbowline is our one Irish Dockyard, and is situated in Cork Harbour, opposite the town of Queenstown. Here are three islets close together, Haulbowline Island, Rocky Island, and Spike Island. The first is stated to be strongly fortified, and is a dépôt for ordnance stores and an armoury. The second contains a magazine excavated in the solid rock, and of such capacity that 20,000 barrels of powder can be stored there. The third, with the Westmoreland Fort upon, was the principal prison for Irish convicts from 1847 to 1885. These convicts, it is stated, were principally occupied in constructing fortifications and that Royal Dockyard which is to have a renewed lease of

activity. "Whitaker's," that compendium of all sorts and conditions of facts, strange to say, tells us little about Haulbowline, but I learn that the length of the dock is 455 feet, and the width of entrance is 94 feet, while the basin is 720 feet long, with the same width of entrance.



VIEW OF THE STAGE FROM THE QUARTER-DECK, LOOKING AFT.

I am told that fewer Americans than formerly visit the last resting-place of Adam Smith in the Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh. The author of "The Wealth of Nations" died more than a century ago; the mural tablet and medallion still remain, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of the weather and atmosphere, singularly distinct. The inscription



MR. P. SAILLARD'S SUSSEX COW, ELSA, CHAMPION AT THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS SHOW.

reads: "Here are deposited the remains of Adam Smith, Author of 'The Theory of Moral Sentiments' and 'Wealth of Nations,' &c. He was born June 5, 1723, and he died July 17, 1790." Robert Fergusson, the poet, was laid to rest in the Canongate. On the reverse of the stone, the front of which contains the well-known stanza by Burns, a slight variant of which forms the first verse of the couplet commemorating Allan Ramsay in the Greyfriars', there is inscribed: "By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson." Bishop Robert Keith, historian-primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, 1681-1757; Dr. Dugald Stewart; Alexander Runciman, historical painter; Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.; Sir William Fettes, founder of Fettes College; and Dr. Horatius Bonar, hymn-writer, are among the distinguished names of those interred in the churchyard of the Canongate.

The highest possible honours of the doggy world—in fact, its Blue Ribbon—has this year been carried off by a tiny Yorkshire terrier, Champion Ashton Queen, who at the recent Ladies' Kennel Association Show was awarded the seventy-guinea challenge cup presented by Mr. C. J. Rotherham, veterinary surgeon, which was competed for by all the champions present—truly a magnificent array of the pick of some of the most famous kennels. Ashton Queen is in herself a little goldmine; she is owned by Mesdames Walton and Beard. She was bred by Mr. Richardson from Teddy out of Gipsy, and the date of her birth is April 18, 1893. Her first appearance in the show-ring was made at Radeliffe, in 1895, when she won a first and a cup; this was followed by a first and a special at Heywood, and a first and a championship at Birmingham. During the following year she gained her title to the prefix of "champion," and was first in a champion class (open to the world) at Leeds. To enumerate all her triumphs would indeed be a lengthy task, as she is the winner of upwards of four hundred firsts and special prizes, among the latter several times the special offered for the best bitch in some of the biggest shows. She has also taken ten championships, some of them being awarded at the Kennel Club's Show at the Crystal Palace, the Royal Aquarium, the Agricultural Hall, Birmingham, and other such important fixtures.



CHAMPION ASHTON QUEEN.
Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Of all the different breeds of toy-dogs, none require more care and attention than Yorkshire terriers; their owners never seem to be without a brush in their hands, and its use goes on even in the judging ring. Champion Ashton Queen is always shown in tip-top condition. Her coat is abnormally abundant and long—as she stands it rests on the ground on each side—it is beautiful in quality and without the slightest suspicion of a curl, while its colour (the true blue and silver) is as perfect as its texture. This condensed epitome of doggy beauty weighs only four and a-half pounds.

No stone (writes a correspondent) in the old Greyfriars', Edinburgh, contains a quainter inscription than that traced on the early seventeenth-century tablet to the memory of the most distinguished of the Milne family of master-masons. The centre of the monument is filled with a rhyming record of his virtues, which concludes thus—

Rare man he was, who could unite in one
Highest and Lowest Occupation—
To sit with Statesmen, counsellor to Kings,
To work with tradesmen in mechanic things.
Majestic man, for Presence, Wit, and grace
This generation cannot fill his place.

Some dates concerning the several Milnes occupy the columns on each side, but the sculptor, jealous of the honour of the chief satellite in the galaxy, anew calls the gazer's attention in the following lines, which he has inscribed at the foot of the tablet—

Reader, John Milne, who maketh the sixth John,
And by descent from father unto son—
Sixth master-mason of a royal race
Of five successive kings, sleeps in this place.

Apropos the Carlyle and Ecclefechan notes in a recent *Sketch*, it may be of interest to learn that not far from the grave of Thomas Carlyle in the "county-churchyard" of the sage's village a marble tablet marks the last resting-place of a native of Ecclefechan who was perhaps the last friend of, or at any rate was the friend most closely associated with, the great Napoleon in the closing years of his life and exile. The stone is erected to the memory of Dr. Archibald Arnott, surgeon of the 20th Foot. "At St. Helena," the record states, "he was the medical attendant of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose esteem he won, and whose last moments he soothed."



THE SHETLAND PONY, PLUCK.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

This Shetland pony is called "Pluck." He is seven years old.

The aesthetes want the Eiffel Tower pulled down. They say it is a huge, ugly scaffold. The plea was put in when the plans for the Exposition of 1900 were first discussed. Unfortunately for them, it cannot come down; it is leased to a company whose contract runs for twenty years from the date of building—a good many years yet to come. This was the arrangement to reimburse M. Eiffel. The only thing, therefore, that the commission could do for the aesthetes was to study some means to make the tower more agreeable to their eyes. Two years they have cogitated, and have hit upon an idea.

They are going to paint it from the red-brown it is to silver-white. This is not the small change it may seem, either mechanically, since it will take fifty men two months, with fifty thousand kilogrammes of paint, and the operation must be repeated a second time, or aesthetically, for instead of, as now, seeming to rise up from the earth, it will appear rather to descend from the ether regions. Lighted at night its whole length with streaming lines of light, it will look like some great ladder let down from heaven. The aesthetic Jacobs on the ground will, therefore, have whereon to give their imaginations full play.

However the aesthetes may grumble, Parisians would certainly miss the great candle that lights them democratically, one and all, to bed; that sways its head in the clouds—it is said to sway three yards and more out of the perpendicular—a monument to French science. It is another matter what the thoughts may be of the man that built it, whose name is constantly by its means on the lips of Parisians, while he himself, by an irony of fate, seems forgotten. M. Eiffel, since the Panama affair which involved him, is heard of no more. Up in the top of the tower he has some private rooms, where during the Panama trials the wags proposed that he be imprisoned. Has he taken refuge there, to expiate his faults or to ruminate on the ingratitude of his fellow men?

The Italian newspapers are very angry with their Government for having consented to the sale of their railway in Tunisia, which was the last remaining evidence of their pretension to a reversion of the Regency.

In the shadow of Beaconsfield Church, Bucks, where Burke lies buried, and wherein Lord Rosebery the other day unveiled a new memorial to that great statesman and orator, there stands a quaint half-timbered house of the sixteenth century. Scaffold-poles rise by its side, and the builder is busily engaged rescuing the old building from the



BEACONSFIELD VICARAGE.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

hand of Time. This, until some thirty years ago, was the Vicarage of Beaconsfield, built by one Richard Rawson in 1525 upon the site, it is believed, of a monastic house connected with Burnham Abbey. Uninhabited for the last generation, this picturesque old building is now being restored at the expense of Sir Edward Lawson, and will eventually be used as a church-house for parochial purposes. Several of the fine old apartments will be utilised as reading and recreation rooms, and it is not unlikely that a suite of chambers will be placed at the disposal of the curate of the parish. This old building has other claims than those which mere antiquity gives, for in the spacious dining-room Edmund Burke was often a guest, and the mantelpiece still survives on which he was wont to lean when pouring out rich stores of conversation upon the ears of his vicar host. In the same room the builders have discovered the monogram of priest Richard Rawson, to whom the building owes its existence.

As China is at the moment playing an important part on the stage of politics, I think this picture of the lighter side of life, as afforded by the Shanghai Amateur Dramatic Club, is of interest. The pantomime depicted, "Cinderella," had the unprecedented run, for Shanghai, of nine performances. The book was almost entirely local, and quite up to date, the story being the merest framework of the original. The scenery and costumes would have compared favourably with many English provincial productions. All the performers, including the chorus and the stage-managers, the scene-painters and the property-masters, are amateurs. For three months one half of Shanghai worked heart and



"CINDERELLA," AS PLAYED BY AMATEURS AT SHANGHAI.

soul to bring off a performance that would amuse the other half, and their efforts were rewarded by bumper houses on each occasion. The Lyceum Theatre, Shanghai, the scene of this success, is built on the lines of its London namesake, but with one tier less, and is capable of seating only seven hundred and fifty persons, the warm summer demanding more seating and breathing space per individual than that allotted in a London theatre. The proscenium opening is the same, but the depth of the stage is less than that of its namesake. Altogether, Shanghai is proud of its theatre, and the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, when visiting Shanghai, declared that it was the finest theatre East of Suz.

Here is a good snapshot picture, taken the other day by a Braemar man, of Mar Lodge, the new Highland home of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. That word "new" needs to be explained and elucidated, as Bailie Macwhebble would say. There was Old Mar Lodge and there was New Mar Lodge, both being on the Duke of Fife's Deeside estate. The former was rather antiquated, and so not very commodious. The latter was a modern building and was in occupation by the Duke of Fife—something between a big shooting-lodge and a small castle. Well, three years ago New Mar Lodge got burned down, and when the Duke came to consider its successor, he decided that it should arise where Old Mar Lodge stood. New Mar Lodge was on the south side of the River Dee, on sloping ground beautifully covered with birches. Old Mar Lodge had its place on the north side of the Dee, and somewhat farther above Braemar. The more ancient seat of the Duff family, it was backed by a pine-clad hill and fronted by what in Scotland would be called a "haugh"—the "Haughs o' Cromdale," you know. English, an extensive level, or lawn, abutting on to a river.

Now you understand about the Mar Lodge—there has thus come to be only one Mar Lodge—of which the Duke and Duchess of Fife have just taken possession. On going North from London they went to Duff House, their palatial residence in Banffshire. It has a sea-view and other advantages, but the surrounding country is quite agricultural and



THE DUKE OF FIFE'S NEW HOUSE, MAR LODGE, NEAR BRAEMAR.

ordinary, and the affection of the Fife family rather takes them to the "steep, crowning glories" of Mar Lodge. That is now as elegant a residence as can be found in the Highlands. There is nothing very pretending in it, in a purely architectural sense. No, the aim has been to make it a home with every sort of accommodation and quality. Also, it has been fitted and furnished with a certain regard to its unique surroundings. The Queen, driving up from Balmoral, laid the foundation-stone of Mar Lodge on Oct. 15, 1895. It is ready for occupation, down to an electric-light supply gathered from the tumbling Burn of Corriemulzie. This autumn Mar Lodge will be thoroughly house-warmed, for the Duke and Duchess of Fife are to entertain many notable guests.

The "Chamberlain Birthday Book," published by Mr. Arrowsmith, has not been devised in honour of the Radical Unionist. It contains many gems from his speeches, but they are gems which his present allies cannot appreciate. No politician has been more ingenious in recalling the past sayings of other men and flinging them at awkward times in their faces. Probably Mr. Chamberlain will not resent the success with which that practice has been carried out in this "Birthday Book." It may prove his inconsistency, but has not Emerson said that inconsistency is the bugbear of little minds? Radicals, on glancing through the volume, must mingle their laughter with a sigh of regret that the man who uttered such incisive criticism and advocated such a clear-cut policy is no longer their leader. For points and arguments, Radicals in search of matter need go no farther than the "Birthday Book," nor can they hope to refine the criticism to which some of its passages subject Lord Salisbury. Whether it was worth issuing such a book may be doubted. That it has been arranged with cleverness is quite apparent. Against the birthdays of prominent men now among his friends are placed caustic comments from Mr. Chamberlain's speeches of another day. All the entries, however, are not equally good. Here is one, for instance, at July 27: "Mr. Hayes Fisher (Howled across hotly at Mr. Gladstone on night of free fight on the floor of the House of Commons, 27th July, 1893)." What Mr. Fisher really did was to take Mr. Logan by the back of the neck when the latter sat down among the Conservative leaders.

This stone, which lies on the beach at Southsea, has a curious history. It is what geologists term an erratic boulder, and was brought from the Gulf of Finland by the *Hecla*, which had landed an attacking party on the shores of the gulf, and burned down some Russian store-houses. Down upon them came a strong body of Cossacks, who obliged the

Hecla's party to retreat. As they were falling back towards the boats, the Cossacks pressed them hard, until a couple of sailors took cover behind the stone, one loading the rifles, and the other firing. In this manner they kept the Cossacks at bay, and enabled the captain to embark his party in safety. Next day, he took a couple of boats and brought off the boulder, which was carried to Portsmouth in the *Hecla*. Eventually, the stone found a resting-place in the Gun Wharf, where it remained for some years. Next, it was given to the late Alderman Emanuel, who accepted the gift without knowing its bulk,



AN ERRATIC BOULDER.
Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

and with the intention of placing it in the entrance-hall of his house. He was surprised, however, to see a heavy commissariat-waggon draw up before his door, accompanied by a body of men with tackle for lifting a heavy weight. Upon learning that the men had brought him the boulder, and after viewing the stone, the alderman saw it was rather too cumbersome for an entrance-hall decoration, and he therefore had it sent to the Esplanade.

Is it true that Broadmoor is the home of luxury? In a letter purporting to have been written by an inmate of that asylum for criminal lunatics, it is stated that the prisoners have everything "nessery" for their amusement. "Band plays, and there's musick amongst the patents themselves. Beer, tobacco—I never was so comfortable in my life." This testimony of a "patent" may be a playful fiction, or at least, an exaggeration. If not, the temptation to turn criminal lunatic and be put away at Broadmoor must be very strong to sane and inoffensive members of the community. Talk of old-age pensions! Broadmoor, with beer, tobacco, a band, and the musical society of the "patents," is much more attractive!

I am indebted to Mr. J. S. Thomson, Carlisle, for the photograph of this sampler. It was worked by Robina Lothian, the youngest daughter of Edward Lothian, jeweller, Edinburgh, and his wife, Helen Tod. Robina was born in 1755, married (in 1784) the Rev. Robert Douglas, the minister of Galashiels, had seven children, and died at Kelso in 1837.

Colonel Hutchinson, Director of Military Education in India, has been giving his opinion on the Tirah Campaign. He pays a high tribute to the value of mountain-guns, though he thinks they would have done more effective work had the batteries been split up into sections, instead of being grouped in batteries. He praised highly the work of the brave little Gurkhas, whose dash and daring both in attack and defence were the subject of much comment. Upon this subject the military

correspondent of a contemporary advocates the re-establishing of "light companies" in British regiments. Light companies to Line regiments were abolished in 1859, and exist now only as Light Infantry regiments and Rifles. These, however, are trained in exactly the same way as ordinary infantry, except that they occasionally move at the double and

sometimes "trail" instead of "slope." For campaigns on the Indian frontier the correspondent advocates the formation of light companies composed of picked officers and men, who should be specially trained. This reminds me of my suggestion some months back that we might with advantage station some Rifle regiments or Light Infantry corps in the Highlands, and practise them in mountain warfare, as the French and Italian Alpine corps are trained.

We have long been familiar with the "Horse Marines"—indeed, the 17th Lancers have this as one of their "nicknames"—but the "Marine Artillery Highlanders" is another corps added to the list. When Lieut.-General Sir H. B. Tuson made his annual inspection at Eastney the other day, it is said, the Marines, in view of his early retirement, determined to give him a "fitting farewell." After a series of torch-light evolutions, during which a squad of white-jacketed men surrounded the lawn, carrying coloured "fairy-lamps" on their rifles, Highland flings and Scotch reels were danced by "a quartette of non-commissioned officers and gunners, to the piping of a bombardier."

It is not unusual for the War Office to authorise the issue of medals for a campaign some years after most of those who took part in it have gone over to the majority. It is now announced that her Majesty has sanctioned the issue of the Canadian Medal to those who took part in the Red River Expedition, which the present Commander-in-Chief conducted in 1870, when no enemy was even seen. Yet the War Office declined to bestow any recognition of the sort on those "Tommies" who took part in the Burmese Expedition and the operations in the Chin Hills some five or six years ago.

The Borough of Hemel Hempstead, which has recently received a charter, possesses a chair for the High Bailiff which dates back to Henry VIII., who figures on the Corporation seal.

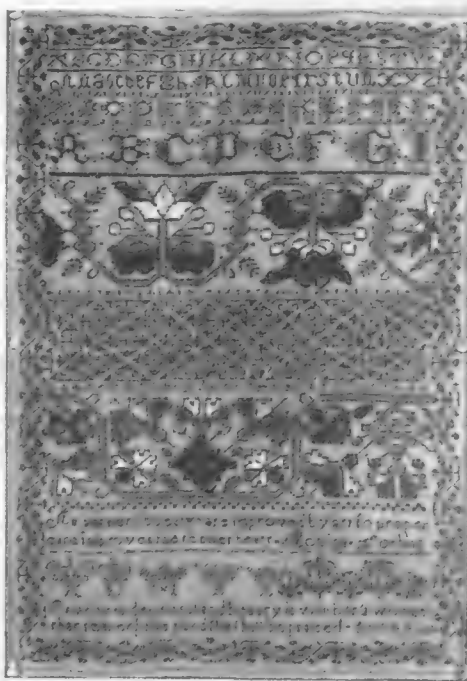
The automatic system of supplying refreshments to the public is progressing. From a pillar in Leicester Square you can now extract coffee, cocoa, and hot water. The idea may be extended until the insertion of a coin through a slit in a wall may produce a bowl of soup. My ambition goes still further. I want to drop some small sum through a grating in the pavement and see a well-appointed little table rise from the earth, as the banquets do in the Arabian fairy-tales. The kind of entertainment you receive in the Welcome Club at the Earl's Court Exhibition would be quite good enough for me.

Mothers-in-law meet with plenty of abuse, but one of the species really deserves our pity, judging from a story that comes from Paris. Her daughter was married to a cruel carpenter, who ill-treated her and made life a perfect nightmare. At last the wretched creature sought refuge with her mother, and refused to return to her husband. He was convinced that it was due to the mother's influence, and swore to be revenged. So he chose a time when he knew the old lady would be alone, and, forcing his way into the room, heaped accusations on her. At last, carried away by rage, he threw himself on her, and, seizing her right ear in his teeth, actually bit off the lobe. The poor old woman, however, managed to summon assistance, and the cannibal son-in-law has been sent to digest his mouthful in the lock-up.

Saltford Regatta, which I picture on the opposite page, claims for itself the proud title of "The Henley of the West." It is organised by the Avon Rowing Club, Bath, and Bristol Ariel Rowing Club. This year's proceedings began by a competition for a prize to be awarded to the most beautifully decorated boat. The first prize was awarded by Miss Marshall to Mrs. Butcher for a simple but charming arrangement of pale-blue flowers and dainty foliage, while the second went to Miss Fry, whose efforts were more complex if less satisfactory. The chief event of the programme, of course, was the West of England Challenge Vase for four-oar boats with cox., which was won by the Stourport Rowing Club after a splendid race against the Chester Rowing Club. The City Challenge Cup also produced a splendid struggle, the Avon Rowing Club winning from the Ariel by but a yard. The Lansdown Cup for senior sculls fell to Mr. F. B. Fielding, who had no great difficulty in beating Mr. A. O. Norris. For the Clifton Plate, a double-sculling race for lady and gentlemen amateurs, there was a good entry; but the race was disappointing, since Mrs. Townsend, the bow of the Ariel Rowing Club's boat, lost her oar, and the Riverside Boat Club paddled home with ease. The prizes were presented by the Duchess of Beaufort at the Clifton Boathouse.



UNDER-BAILIFF OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD,
WITH HENRY VIII. CHAIR.
Photo by Cole.



A QUAIN SAMPLER.

"Jimmy on the chute, boys," is not in it with the antics of the swimmers depicted in these photographs, which were taken on Brighton Pier. The bathers gave their exhibition on a Catamaran canoe.

storm will carry it away. These facts should give pause to Little Englanders who deny the need for Colonial expansion, but they should be taken seriously by responsible parties. An eminent scientist told me a



AT BRIGHTON PIER: ONE WAY OF FACING THE WARM WEATHER.

Photographs by Harold Moore, Sidcup.

I am told that the inrush of the sea and its encroachments on the Eastern Coast are giving some anxiety to local magnates. In Essex the sea feeds regularly and steadily upon pieces of the land; in Suffolk and Norfolk it does the same. An instance of this destruction came to my notice in Suffolk a week ago. Some friends of mine have a small house by the sea, and for years the sea has devoured the intervening shore. Now the local experts condemn the house, and declare that the next

few days ago that the planting of sea-grasses on the foreshore would be of great effect in preventing the further pressure of the waters, and he added a word of grave warning in case people continued to treat the inrush lightly. On the Continent stringent laws regulate the cutting down of trees and destruction of sea-grasses, and these wise precautions save miles of foreshore from destruction. The need for such restrictions in this country increases daily, and nobody seems to heed them.



THE HENLEY OF THE WEST: THE REGATTA AT SALT FORD,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY IVOR CASTLE, CLIFTON.

I journeyed down to Lowestoft quite recently to take a few days' rest from my many labours, and was struck by the rigid reign and rule of the Sabbatarians. In the private gardens devoted to the people who live in a pretty square high up on the cliffs there is a swing by the side of the tennis-lawn, and to this swing the little children go for harmless enjoyment. Early on Sunday morning, the gardener, acting on instructions, takes the swing down, presumably that the souls of little children may not burn in unquenchable fires. Tennis, too, is prohibited, and bathing is also under the ban of the Sabbatarians, who do all they know to make the Sunday a very reflection of their dismal selves. I noticed that the blackbirds sang in the gardens and the thrushes hunted for worms on the deserted tennis-lawn, and the flowers bloomed, and the tides came and went on Sunday just as though it had been any other day of the week, and it was only possible to hope that the Lowestoft authorities will not be slow in protesting against Nature's rude indifference to their decrees.

The church of St. John the Baptist, Chelmorton, six miles from Buxton, Derbyshire, is the most loftily situated church in England, standing twelve hundred feet above sea-level. It is of great interest to archaeologists, from its antiquity. The village public-house is close by, and bears the somewhat curious sign of "The Church Inn."

The highest inn in England is the Cat and Fiddle, on Buxton Moors, in Cheshire. The height of the mountain on the summit of which it stands is 1690 feet, the Traveller's Rest at Flash being 1535 feet. The derivation of the name Cat and Fiddle has given rise to a good deal of discussion. It is said the sixth Duke of Devonshire was accustomed to drive the steep ascent with his cat and fiddle. Some writers give the name as a corruption of the French, "Caton la Fidèle"—Caton, the faithful Governor of Calais—and others "Catherine la Fidèle," the



THE HIGHEST INN IN ENGLAND.
Photo by Palmer, Great Yarmouth.

faithful wife of Peter the Great. The building is a weather-beaten habitation; wooden posts line each side of the road that winds up the mountain-side. They serve to guide the traveller in times of heavy snow. The wooden porch seen in the photograph, resembling a sentry-box, with doors on each side, protects the entrance from the terrific blizzards of the winter, and a double set of doors is also provided. In the winter the inhabitants are sometimes weather-bound for days, and a stock of provisions has to be laid in. It is a recognised thing for all visitors to Buxton to make a pilgrimage to the Cat and Fiddle, and to omit this would be like visiting Egypt without doing the Pyramids.

Mr. Frank Harris's articles in the *Saturday Review* on Shakspeare are not very novel, but he offers an ingenious explanation of the poet's death. The commentators have mostly agreed to reject the anecdote that Shakspeare died of a fever resulting from "a merry meeting" with Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton at Stratford-on-Avon. The story was published by a clergyman who heard it about thirty years after the event. It has shocked into incredulity a good many people who imagine Shakspeare to have been not a man, but a demi-god. Now, Mr. Frank Harris surmises from a number of passages in Shakspeare's works that he was a poor drinker, and had a great contempt for the drinking customs of his period. But he was bored to death at Stratford, and when his friends came to see him he yielded to the temptation to drink too much, and paid the penalty. Jonson and Drayton were none the worse for the debauch, but it killed the poet, who, like his own Cassio, had "unhappy brains" for this form of indulgence. The theory is plausible enough, but, then, Mr. Harris spoils it by arguing that Shakspeare was not only a poor drinker, but also a bad sleeper. The well-known speeches about sleep, Nature's sweet restorer, are cited to show that the writer suffered from insomnia. They may mean no more than Shakspeare's observation of the effects of sleeplessness in others, just as the diatribes against drinking may prove nothing except that, while a great toper himself, this most sympathetic of all mortals could enter into the feelings of men who were constitutionally incapable of carrying their liquor.

The streets of American towns are notoriously bad, and those of San Francisco are no exception to the rule. This is a piece of Market Street, the principal street, two chains in width. It is interesting to notice the way in which a hole has been patched up with round boulders instead of the same stones as the rest is paved with. For cyclists, Frisco is not a paradise, and little or no riding is done in the business parts of the town. Streets at the back of the town, such as Van Ness Avenue and some others, are as good as the lower ones are bad, being formed of bituminous rock on a bed of concrete.



HOW SAN FRANCISCO IS PAVED.
Photo by Banks, Christchurch, New Zealand.

M. Zola is, or has been, in London incognito, having skillfully put the French authorities off the scent. This is not flight, but a strategic retirement to avoid a technical notification which would lead to arrest, and prejudice the case which M. Zola wishes to submit to the Supreme Court in Paris in October.

I do not see how he is to escape the sentence inflicted by the Versailles tribunal, but he is quite right in fighting his opponents with every weapon at his command. The procedure against him is a travesty of justice possible only in France, where Captain Dreyfus was illegally convicted on evidence which would be laughed out of any civil court in England. The French people have many great qualities, but the sense of justice is not among them; and in this particular case the national prejudice is now so delirious that, if Esterhazy were to confess to-morrow the crime of which he is undoubtedly guilty, and for which an innocent man is suffering, most Frenchmen would believe that he had been



THE HIGHEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND.
Photo by Palmer, Great Yarmouth.

bribed by the "Dreyfus Syndicate"! Zola knows this perfectly well, and yet he perseveres. Such courage and self-sacrifice would make any man immortal.

Paris is capricious even in the matter of her public statues, which are being constantly dethroned and others set up in their place. The deposed ones are stowed away, and there are yards at Auteuil full of them. As for the streets, their names, of course, change with every change of wind.

Miss Viola Allen, who is to create the part of Gloria in the dramatised version of "The Christian," which Mr. Hall Caine has done for production at the Lyric Theatre, New York, on Oct. 3, is spending a holiday at Greba Castle. Miss Allen is the daughter of an actor, and made her first appearance on the stage at fifteen. By the time she was eighteen she was a leading lady, and has supported Salvini and Joseph Jefferson. She is president of "The Twelfth Club" at New York.

Mr. Charles Arnold, the very successful Jones of the Strand Theatre, is one of the cleverest comedians of the day, as well as a very delightful singer; though for the nonce he has put away music and is devoting himself to comedy. He was born on Christmas Day, 1858, at Lucerne, in Switzerland, his father being a captain of the Swiss Legion during the Crimean War. However, the lad was not many years old when his parents migrated to New York, where he was educated and had five years' experience in a law office before entering the dramatic profession. His first professional appearance was made at the Brooklyn Theatre with F. B. Conway's company in September 1873, when he supported Mr. Edwin Booth in a round of his famous impersonations, and he remained at that theatre for over two years, playing in tragedy, drama, comedy, burlesque and comic opera, and gaining very valuable experience. Then Mr. Arnold became manager of the Academy of Music in Montreal and remained there for several years, and in 1880 joined the Hanlon-Lees for their famous "Voyage en Suisse," and two years later joined Miss Minnie Palmer for Tony in "My Sweetheart," a part he played for forty weeks at the Strand and for three years on tour.

In 1887 he produced "Hans the Boatman" at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, and has continued playing in it ever since in the provinces, Australia, and America, and is even now under contract to return to the colonies and visit South Africa; but, owing to the great success of "What Happened to Jones," he hopes to be able to postpone his visit to a later date. Mr. Arnold has also produced and played in "Captain Fritz," by Henry Hamilton, and "Paul o' the Alps," by David Christie Murray, and for eighteen months toured in Australia in the title-role of "Charley's Aunt"; and it was while acting in New York that he first saw his present play, December 1897, and secured its English and Colonial rights. Mrs. Arnold (Miss Dot Frederie) is the bright

comedienne. She was born in Toronto, was educated in San Francisco, and has all the dash and go of the daughters of Uncle Sam. Her first appearance on the stage was made in Sydney in some amateur theatricals, after which she was engaged by Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove for their comedy and pantomime seasons, and then joined Mr. Bland Holt to play boys' parts in melodrama. She was engaged to play Jeffie in "Hans the Boatman" during Mr. Arnold's Australian tour in 1888.

I hear promising accounts of "Little Miss Nobody," which has now gone into active rehearsal at the Lyric. To avoid clashing with

other first-nights, the date of the production, now announced for Sept. 1, may be placed a week earlier, if the principals (including such good artists as Messrs. Lionel Brough, Yorke Stephens, Fred Eastman, Misses Florence Perry and Kate Cutler) are ready by then. Much care is being taken over the staging and dressing of the piece, which is likely to be a very elaborate "production." The scene is laid in Scotland, and one of Mr. Arthur E. Godfrey's choruses is called "The Land of the Bonnie Bawbee," other numbers of importance being "The Legend of the Castle Spectre," "The Gay Excursionist," and "The Home-made Military Band." "Little Miss Nobody" was originally produced at Cheltenham about a year ago, and it has, I believe, been played successfully across the Atlantic, under the auspices of Mr. Frohman, who holds the American rights. Mr. Yorke Stephens "produces" the piece in London, and Mr. Love, I am given to understand, is "behind" the enterprise.

I was particularly struck with the excellent spirit shown by the Duchess of York at Queen's Hall the other afternoon, when she formed the centre of a striking picture



MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

on the distribution of prizes to the successful students of the Royal Academy of Music. The Duchess was very tastefully attired—so a lady friend tells me—in a black and white bodice and toque, glittering with steel paillettes. An impression of perpetual motion was produced by the female students of the Academy, as, clad in their white dresses with broad crimson sashes, they passed up and down, to receive their prizes from the hands of "Princess May." The Duchess of York looked extremely well and handsome, and was apparently much amused at the close of the distribution when a girlish voice called for "Three cheers for the Duchess!"

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT THE WAR.

The collection of "Our War Presidents" from the New York *Journal* is rather interesting than accurate, since two of the six were not Presidents during a war. For instance, the famous George Washington, of cherry-tree and hatchet fame, did not become President till 1789, four years after peace had concluded our lamentable war with the colonists. Of course, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American forces

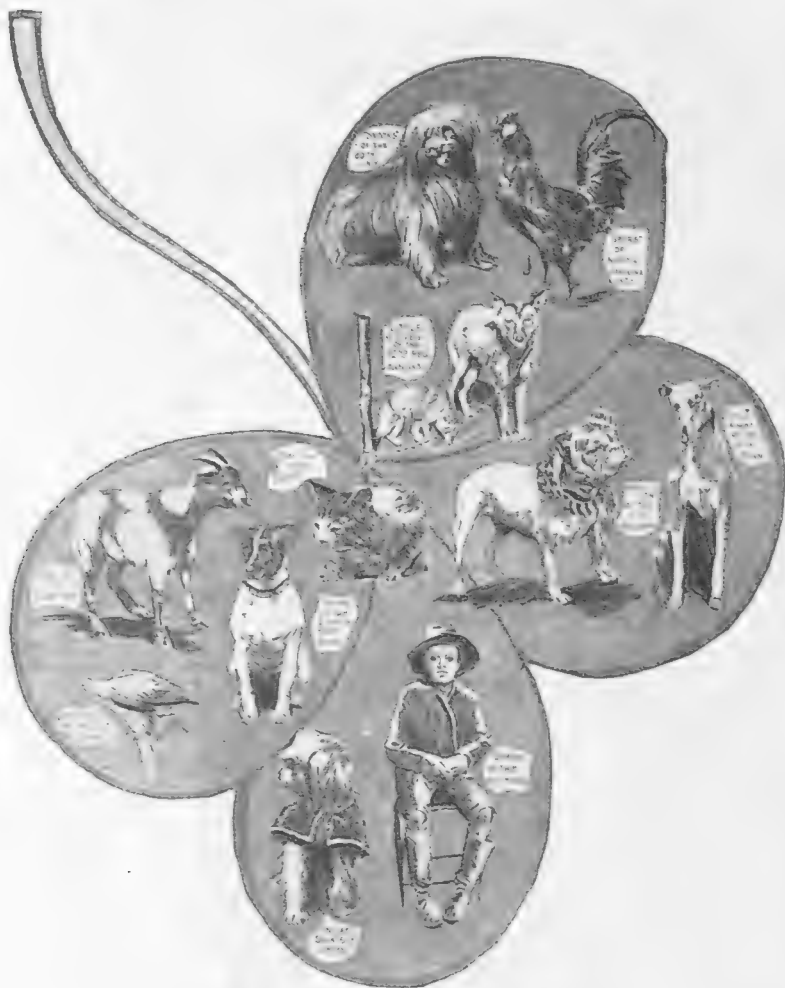
shells were coming with deadly effect, and even to have yelled "Look out!" when the boat was getting too close to the batteries of the enemy.

I am much edified by the favourable explanation of the conduct of Mr. Scovel, a war correspondent of the New York *World*, who, at the surrender of Santiago, slapped the face of General Shafter, the American commander. It seems that Mr. Scovel is an accomplished man and the son of the President of a College, while General Shafter, though a first-class soldier, has no manners. This defect prompted the heir to so much scholarship to administer correction to General Shafter in the presence of the Spanish officers, who must have been greatly impressed by this display of collegiate discipline. After such an achievement, the least Mr. Scovel can do is to "run" for the American Presidency. When he is elected he can show his quality by visiting the House of Representatives and slapping the faces of all the Congressmen opposed to him.

Mr. Cunningham Graham is at it again. Somebody told him the cock-and-bull story that the Americans had destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila with ease because Admiral Dewey's guns were manned by British gunners decoyed from her Majesty's Service. It turns out that there are just eight British seamen in Admiral Dewey's squadron, and not one of them is a gunner. The fact is that the Americans are remarkably expert in gunnery, but it is a fact unknown to Mr. Cunningham Graham. He might have reflected that the accurate shooting of Admiral Dewey's men did not account, on his hypothesis, for the accurate shooting which destroyed Admiral Cervera's ships. But, then, Mr. Cunningham Graham does not reflect. He happens to feel Spanish, and he writes the first silly thing that comes into his head.

The attempts to obtain the good offices of his Holiness Leo XIII. and of the venerated Kaiser Franz Josef, with regard to future negotiations between the United States Government and the Queen Regent of Spain and her advisers, remind one of an earlier appeal, when Spain was the conqueror, not the defeated. When the armies of Charles V. (the flower both of the Empire and of Spain) had routed the forces of Francis I. on the disastrous day of Pavia, and Francis was a prisoner, an appeal was made by Juan Luis de Vives, a Valencian grandee, on behalf of peace.

This was a letter addressed to our own "bluff King Hal." It was written after the fashion of the time, in Latin, and the copy before me also contains the original manuscript Spanish version, executed for the authorities by a Madrilene lawyer. It is dated at Bruges, Oct. 8, 1525, and our King duly receives therein his recently bestowed title of Defender of the Faith. Of course this Latin letter with Spanish translation is a unique *piece à servir* for the history of Spain and of Henry VIII.



THE MASCOTS OF AMERICAN REGIMENTS.
From the New York "Journal."

shortly after the battle of Lexington and ere Banker's Hill. General Ulysses Simpson Grant, the most successful and probably ablest of the Northern Generals in the terrible war between North and South, was not actually elected President until 1868, more than two years after the famous war was over. Abraham Lincoln, of course, was a true War-President, and is one of the most vivid figures in the history of the States. Indeed, his election on November 6, 1860, really meant war between North and South, and his assassination by Wilkes Booth on April 14, 1865, was but a few days before the end of that fertile subject for American dramatists, the Great Civil War. It is said that President Madison was the most reluctant person concerned in what is called "Mr. Madison's War," the war with England which began in 1812. It is in this affair, rather than the one with which President McKinley will be identified, that the American Navy won fame. Of course, we speak with comfort to ourselves of the defeat of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon*, but may well remember that in the first year of the war, in five ship-duels, the Americans either captured or sunk all their adversaries. President Polk's name is associated with the successful Mexican War of 1846 and 1847, in which certainly there was some handsome fighting, particularly in the battle of Buena Vista.

Where we speak of regimental pets the Americans talk of "war mascots," and some of their regiments go in for them on a decidedly extravagant scale. What do you think of the 6th Pennsylvania with eleven dogs, a white cat, and a goat, or the 69th Regiment of New York with a greyhound, a foxhound pup, a black-and-tan, a Skye-terrier called Snooks, a Spitz, and a poodle? This seems allowing a rather graceful idea to "go to the dogs." The 13th Coloured Regiment of North Carolina has a rooster called Spurs, with a touch of game blood in him, who always crows at *réveille*, and perches on the shoulder of the colour-bearer for marching purposes. The Rough-riders, the most prominent regiment in the present war, indulge in the ferocious creature called a mountain lion, who might be trusted to take care of a Spaniard at a pinch, or at a bite or claw as well. The ships are not behindhand, and, in fact, the two most prominent mascots come from the Navy. First, there is Tom, the black cat from the *Maine*, who was found in the fighting-top the day after the explosion, and is now treated with prodigious respect. Then comes Jack the Ripper, the parrot of the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, alleged to have kept shrieking "Remember the *Maine*!" when the Spanish



From the New York "Journal."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Matilda Betham-Edwards's *Reminiscences* make very good reading. We begin in the country and travel pleasantly to the Continent, to France, to Germany, to Austria. We are brought back again to London literary society, and have a good look at that much-analysed pair George Eliot and George Henry Lewes. We are transported finally to Weimar, and have a glimpse of Liszt and the descendants of Goethe. The final chapter is perhaps the newest of all. It is about a certain Dr. Thomas Wilson, of whom Miss Edwards says that she is as much indebted to him as to anyone she ever met. Dr. Wilson was an old friend of George Eliot and Carlyle, and lived at Weimar, where he had married a German lady. Though past sixty years, he was still a dreamer of dreams, and longed to go to London to hire some building as a Free Church and there to preach his own special variety of Christianity. Dr. Wilson used the expressive phrase, "that terrible cat and dog life," when alluding to Carlyle's fireside. He remembered George Eliot's first visit to Germany with Lewes, and recalled a certain *table d'hôte* experience: in the midst of chattering tourists and the clatter of dishes, the grave young woman propounding her theories of human and cosmogonic destiny. Judging by the book, Miss Edwards has had to endure many theorists, and has got through the experience cheerfully, with no disposition to imitate her friends; in fact, she has apparently a hearty contempt for theories of the universe, and speaks of "that flourishing and pretentious branch of the Civil Service called the Church of England." It is worth noting that she thinks authorship



MISS MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Photo by Blomfield, Hastings.

was a much better thing for authors long ago than it is now. "The good old system of selling a book just as you sell a house had its advantages. There was no suspense, no delusive waiting for royalties or half-profits. An accredited author, despite the absence of newspaper syndicates, American copyright, and other advantages, had only himself to blame if he failed to amass a little fortune in those days." But what will the Authors' Society say?

Our novelists are so industrious that they supply nearly all the fiction in demand among us. We borrow very slowly from Continental countries, and a book may have an European reputation before an enterprising publisher will think it worth his while to put a translation on the English market. "Der Katzensteg" of Sudermann has been famous since 1889, but only now does it appear in an English dress. Miss Beatrice Marshall has made a creditable translation of it, and Mr. John Lane has issued it under the name of "Regina." Something of the wild passion of the original has vanished, and we have had, since its first publication, other books, good and bad, written from its point of view. Both these causes will prevent the English version from making the sensation it might have done under other circumstances. But even now it is bound to move and thrill a new circle of readers. It has two strong motives for its existence. The first is to show the terror of being

alone. The young Baron von Schranden was the son of a reprobate and a traitor to his country. He abhorred his father's life, was revolted by his crime, and had no love for him personally. Yet his father's memory and body have been so outraged, and he himself is treated so as an outcast, that circumstances drive him to defend the name and the



WESTERFIELD HALL, NEAR IPSWICH, WHERE MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS WAS BORN, AND WHERE SHE WROTE "THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE SEA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VICK, IPSWICH.

rights of his house. Then every man's hand is against him, an inoffensive, high-minded young soldier, whose heart beats as strongly to the calls of friendship as any other. It is a hideous isolation he is doomed to, and a little natural moroseness would have turned him into a wild beast. His love of country saves this son of a traitor, whose devotion is, nevertheless, received with suspicion. And an old love, his schoolmaster's daughter, seems to beam on him from afar with a pure light. It is a very chilly light she sheds when she actually comes into his neighbourhood again, and not so pure either. He has been guiding himself by it, and keeping himself high above the weaknesses of the flesh, for the sake of a poor-natured, thin-souled creature, despising meanwhile the devotion of the one friend of his loneliness. This is Regina, the menial, the tool, and the mistress of his brutal father, a humble, heroic being, purified and developed by humane treatment, all compact of love and service, and who in the end gives her life for her young master without one regret. Regina provides the book with its second and stronger motive. She is the type of the unspoiled human being, whom civilisation and an artificial morality have not twisted and deformed. Wronged and tortured in her youth she had been, but never falsely taught, and, when the cruel curb was off, she unfolded the wealth of herself. "One of those perfect, fully developed individuals," Sudermann calls her, "such as Nature created before a herding social system, with its paralysing ordinances, bungled her handiwork, when every youthful creature was allowed to bloom unhindered into the fulness of its power, and to remain, in good and in evil, part and parcel of the natural life." When was that time? The past, even the savage past, had its artificialities, its conventions. But, at least, Sudermann makes you loathe the present bonds and masks, and long for some freer and better condition. There, for good or bad, the book is strongly moving.

Messrs. Sampson Low have sent out a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Cable's "Bonaventure." It has not the robust life, or the large aims, or the certain touch of "The Grandissimes," but it must keep its own sure place in the hearts of readers. Perhaps all the best-loved human beings are just a little laughed at, and that is why the angelic schoolmaster Bonaventure is so secure in our affections. Did we ever thrill more at a tale of battle decisive of human destinies than we did at the scene which he prefaces thus?—"Be calm, chil'run; be calm. Refrain excitement. Who you behole befo' you, yondeh, I ignore. But who shall we expect to see if not the State Sup'inten'ent Public Education? And if yea, then welcome, thrice welcome, the surprise! We shall not inquire him; but as a stranger we shall show him with how small reso'ee how large result." And when the impostor, hired to damn the efforts for the enlightenment of Grande Pointe, so puny and so noble there, is shamed into blessing them, one can only shout aloud in acclamation. "Bonaventure" is at least a book of great moments.

Mr. Bret Harte retains his old vivacity in verse as in prose. His new volume, "Some Later Verses," just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, are not very high flights, but they are very bright and pleasing. The glimmer of "Truthful James" has not paled. In his sad tales of the Spelling Bee and the Thought-Reader at Angel's, he is still at his best. But the humorous pieces are narrative, and, therefore, unquotable. And, besides, they are only facile successes in comparison with one, "Crotalus," unique in this volume, and, perhaps, in all Mr. Bret Harte's verse. It is the old camper's tolerant reminiscence of the hunted rattlesnake—

Silent, joyless guest
Of our rude ingle. E'en thy quest
Of the rare milk-bowl seemed to be
Nought but a brother's poverty,
And Spartan task that kept thee free
From lust and rapine. Thou! whose fame
Searchest the grass with tongue of flame,
Making all creatures seem thy game—
When the whole woods before thee run,
Askest but—when all is said and done—
To lie, untrodden, in the sun.

The dullest of all our novels, it has often been remarked, come from Australia. The lively exceptions are mostly from the pen of Miss Ada Cambridge, and her liveliness seems occasionally to be at the expense of good temper. That reproach can hardly be hurled at her latest, "Materfamilias" (Ward, Lock). It is satire, but very merciful and very humorous satire, being the life of a wilful, rather stupid, and affectionate woman born for her rôle of Materfamilias. She is one of the parasite kind, the kind that hardly ever fails to secure something strong to cling to. But her roots are fast; her temper may be capricious, yet her heart is faithful. Out of the simplest material, the home-life of a sailor turned farmer, and this wife of his, and their by no means remarkable children—who have hardly any adventures and never utter anything an outsider would think worth listening to—Miss Cambridge has contrived a wonderfully lively story. She puts it into the mouth of Materfamilias, and the dashing self-confidence, boundless self-esteem, good spirits, and quick-beating heart of that worthy woman somehow force the stronghold of your attention and compel you to listen to her small-talk chronicle with breathless interest.

O. O.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE THEATRICAL PRESS-AGENT OF AMERICA.

In America the theatrical press-agent and the road-agent differ in this respect: the road-agent separates the occupants of a stage-coach from their valuables, while the press-agent divorces the editor from his space! A knight of the road relies upon his Winchester, the press-agent upon the cunning of his pen; but both must possess nerve!



MR. E. D. PRICE.
Photo by Hall, New York.

However, the press-agent, as well as the road-agent, is not indigenous to American soil. Road-agents, like the poor, have been with all nations at all times, but England is, very likely, entitled to whatever credit may be due for the discovery of the press-agent. Sir Richard Steele was the originator of this important theatrical adjunct. Colley Cibber, in his delightful "Apology," relates how serviceable Steele's *Tatler* had been to the theatre which he controlled. Cibber says of Steele that he "had done the stage many considerable services by leading the town to our plays and filling our houses by the force and influence of his *Tatlers*." . . . Many a time have we known the most elegant audiences drawn together at a day's warning by the influence of a single *Tatler*, when our best

endeavours without it could not defray the charge of a performance." That the art of "puffs preliminary" very soon became quite common through Steele's example is proven by reference to the *Grub Street Journal* of March 26, 1730: "When a play is to appear on the stage, the town is generally prepared for it by a splendid account of its excellency in one of two of the newspapers, written either by the author himself or by some particular friend. While it is in action, the audience is magnified from time to time with like accounts."

It was not, however, until the last fifteen years or more that the press-agent blossomed out into his present state of opulence and power. In America he has become an indispensable factor in every production, and is found in every playhouse of any importance. Competition is so great, the means of advertising so complex, the necessity for newspaper notoriety so essential to success, that a skilled hand—a specialist, in fact—is found an absolute necessity. He does work that the manager in most cases has not the time, and rarely the talent, to perform.

The American newspaper is ever open to interesting stories about theatrical people. It is the business of the press-agent to supply these; he must invent, enthuse, and indite. His success depends first upon having a good subject to write about, then upon his originality, ingenuity, and literary skill. It will be seen that to succeed as a press-agent in America one must possess several rare qualifications.

But very few American press-agents, however, allow themselves to be known as such, for the reason that during the past few years the press-agent, so called, has been brought into disrepute owing to the machinations of the unscrupulous "fakir." E. D. Price is known as "Manager of E. E. Rice's Attractions," yet Mr. Price, while scornful of the title, is, in fact, one of the best of American press-agents. Anything from his pen is ever in demand by editors of theatrical story columns. Charles Stow, one of the oldest and the most accomplished of circus press-agents, is an "Editor"—at least, his card informs you of that fact. Major John Burk, of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, is a "General Manager," while George Frederic Hinton, of the Sousa Band, is a "Business Manager." Paul Wiltach, who is press-agent for Richard Mansfield, calls himself the "Editorial Representative," while Charles Dillingham is "Manager" for Charles Frohman. There are any number of first-class press-agents in America masquerading under the title of "Manager." Edward Corbett, of the Casino; Frank J. Wiltach, of the Broadway; Robert Hunter, of the Fifth Avenue; and "Tody" Hamilton, of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, and one of the best men devoting himself exclusively to this line of work, are among the few who do not scorn the title, and who call themselves "press-agents."

Very many American "stars" owe their reputation to the untiring efforts, ingenuity, and literary skill of their press-agents. But the press-agent of the first class should not be confounded with those unscrupulous persons who make it their business to hoist social adventuresses and throaty chorus-girls into a giddy and qualmish notoriety. Such performers as De Wolf Hopper, Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson, Ada Rehan, Nat Goodwin, or Joseph Jefferson would no more permit the "fakir's" machinations than they would jump off a ferry-boat for the purpose of bringing themselves into a cheap, vain, and profitless prominence. It is not the artist of the first class who is "demented with a mania for cheap notoriety." It is a fruitless enterprise, however, that of dead-cattening the "fakir" with opprobrious speech. Being a press-agent in America is too often a thankless employment; he would almost always prefer rectitude to mendacity were it not that his employer, the managerial vulgarian, drove him into "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" and inglorious.

E. P. A.

SCENES AMONG THE PEASANTRY IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

It has often been said that the opinion of those Englishmen who possess no knowledge of Irish affairs would undergo a rapid change if they could be transported to the West to see for themselves. Three illustrations accompany these remarks; they are from photographs taken by the writer—in very unsuitable weather, it must be confessed—in two of the poorest parishes in Connemara; but they form only a portion of many of a similar character. It is possible that some readers will regard them as exaggerated examples of life in the Irish West, and yet they are nothing of the kind. There are probably ten thousand holdings which absolutely resemble those shown in the photographs, with the sole exception that the roof of the cottage exists, rotten though it may be; and still more in which the cottage is identical, but the land wet bog instead of granite.

One of the illustrations is of a cottage near Kilkerrin, in Connemara, which is practically in ruins; the plot of land in front has been laboriously cleared of stones, which have been built around it with a double object, and it is upon this and similar plots that the tenant cultivates his potatoes and his oats and feeds his little cow.

Another represents two cottages near Clifden, into both of which I entered, although with difficulty, on my way from Cleggan, where the fishing industry is proving so successful. In each case the whole of the country-side is similarly



PART OF A TENANT'S HOLDING NEAR KILKERRIN, CONNEMARA.



A RELIEF GANG AT WORK NEAR CARNA, CONNEMARA.

stone-covered, with the too obvious result that the people cannot produce sufficient to enable them to live, and the majority are consequently almost always on the fringe of starvation, as they are always in a condition of destitution.

Another picture shows a gang of men at work on a relief road. A second group were at work behind the camera, but both were ill at ease, as many among them were superstitious as to the machine, and, in some instances, positively ran away from it. I mention this fact—to which I might add that many among them spoke Celtic alone—in order to show how poorly they are equipped for the battle of life. The stronger men are carrying huge blocks of granite, of which the kerb on each side is being built, while the older men and women carry the small stone, which is quarried and broken up near at hand. Just before my arrival, sixteen men, whose families were without food, had walked to Maam, thirteen miles away, to ask for a place on the road, only too glad to obtain a shilling a-day; but their errand, plus twenty-six miles, was wasted energy. What would the average man think of life under such conditions? And yet in England many among us have sometimes to handle overpaid workmen with great tenderness for fear we should be left without help. A number of these poor and deserving Irishmen have at my request recently been sent

to me to assist in gathering in the crops grown by my neighbours and myself, and for the first time for years—being able to dispense with English tramp labour—I am relieved of anxiety and annoyance.

The solution of this desperate problem is not difficult, if the money were obtainable; but in the meantime the greatest assistance that can be rendered is to employ the men, who will readily come over, and to make an organised attempt to engage the young women, who readily emigrate to America, but who, for want of knowledge and experience, look upon England with repugnance. There are thousands of these girls, inured to labour and pure as snow, who, with a little training, would make most excellent domestics, but who are living lives as hard as, and upon the fare of, beasts of burden. Owing chiefly to the generous efforts of the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* and the committee of the Manchester Relief Fund, there is not a poor tenant in any of the most seriously distressed districts in Galway or Mayo who has not been provided with seed potatoes, and, happily, the crops are looking healthy and strong. Whether in future years similar forms of distress occur depends largely upon the Chief Secretary and his advisers. I do not forget that Mr. Gerald Balfour is doing more than appears on the surface; but the

plans which have already been tested by the Congested Districts Board will have to be supported by grants from Government. JAMES LONG.



COTTAGES AND PARTS OF TWO HOLDINGS NEAR CLIFDEN, CONNEMARA.

STAPLE INN.

Photographs by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

if the collegiate spirit has in part deserted Staple Inn, which almost alone redeems Holborn from dullness, law and letters have still their individual representation there, for the rooms are in great request among lawyers and journalists. The outward *status quo*, too, is carefully



THE HALL AND GARDEN: STAPLE INN.

preserved, the garden walks are trim, the inscriptions which so puzzled Mr. Grewgious always kept fresh, and but for the dismantled hall, which knows diners, dinners, and the public disputation no more, the place might still be the home of a legal society. The people who come and go to and from the chambers are of the right condition, some conventional, some nondescript, fashionable, seedy, prosperous, struggling; thriving practitioner and hopeless hack; your Stryvers, your Sidney Cartons; respectable Jarvis Lorry passing that way on bank business, whistling office-boy, dapper junior clerk; laundresses, ponderous or spare, but ever slatternly; the dull-eyed loafer on the seat beneath the tree—all the types, indeed, that seem to belong by right to these ancient abodes of jurisprudence.

Popular tradition explains the name "Staple Inn" on the supposition that the place was at one time the inn or hostel of the merchants of the Wool Staple, which was originally situated in Westminster, but was removed to Holborn by Richard II. in 1378. The derivation has no very trustworthy authority, but, in the absence of a better, may be accepted without undue cavilling. Whether the armorial device of the Inn, the "Woolsack," is proof or not is a fine point. Authentic record begins in the reign of Henry V., when Staple Inn became an Inn of Chancery. Under Henry VIII. the inheritance was granted to Gray's Inn, which stood much in the same relation to Staple Inn as New College does to Winchester School. It was the custom for every Inn of Chancery to be connected with one of the great Inns of Court. The Chancery Inn had its own students, who, after a certain course of training, might be enrolled as members of one of the larger societies, there further to prosecute their studies. Students of a Chancery Inn were free to enter any of the four Inns, but, if they chose to become members of the society to which their previous society appertained, they escaped with a smaller fee. Obviously, this arrangement must have constituted the Chancery Inns no inconsiderable feeders of the patron societies. In the time of Elizabeth, Staple Inn had 145 students in term and 69 out of term, this being the largest roll in any Chancery House. The teaching work of the place would appear to have been carried on vigorously. Readings and "mootings" (discussions of knotty points in law) were regularly observed; and the latter in no perfunctory fashion, for, in the last year of James I., Sir Simon d'Ewes went to the Hall of Staple Inn early in the morning of Feb. 17 and argued moot-points till three in the afternoon.

The prosperity which the Inn enjoyed in James's time has left its mark upon the place. Early in the seventeenth century was erected the Holborn front, which fortunately escaped the Great Fire and is now the finest existing example of the London street architecture of that period. The buildings which enclose the remaining three sides of the first quadrangle are much more recent and far less picturesque. The eastern block was rebuilt in

1734, *sumptibus hujus hospitii*, "at this Inn's charges," during the presidency of Robert Jenkyn. The south residential block bears the same name, but dates from 1729. These portions escaped the disastrous fire of November 1756. The clock on the Hall is dated 1757, and the adjoining western block was erected in 1759, under T. Leach. The same name and date appear above the door of the north-western staircase. The letters "P. T. W." over another door, no doubt, refer to President Thomas Warde. These may have formed matter for speculation to other residents such as Mr. Grewgious, or possibly for that gentleman also, only it was the inscription—

P.
J. T.
1747.

over the door of the east back block that caused him to halt between two opinions—"Possibly John Thomas" or "Possibly Joe Tyler."

From the interior of the Hall the glory has departed. Originally it possessed an open timber roof, but it has long been ceiled. It seems to have replaced an older Hall, some of the fine armorial glass of which, bearing date 1500, was transferred to and still remains in the existing windows. At the upper end were displayed the Arms of the Inn, "the Woolsack," and the portraits were of Charles II., Queen Anne, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Lord Camden. The plate was disposed of when the Inn was sold to the Prudential Assurance Company. The Hall is now let to the Society of Actuaries, and is still a busy place, for a large staff of clerks is daily employed there. Across the garden from the Hall stands a fine building in the purest style of James I., erected in 1843 as offices for the Taxing-Masters of Chancery.

Staple Inn has had and continues to enjoy its share of distinguished residents. Dr. Johnson lived there from 1759 to 1760 and wrote his "Idler." It has been assumed that there also he composed "Rasselas," but that must be a mistake, for on the very day, March 23, 1759, on which he took possession of his chambers in Staple Inn he wrote to Lucy Porter, announcing his removal from Gough Square and promising to send her "his little story-book when it is out." The exact week of the composition of the story is, however, somewhat doubtful. Croker believes it was written towards the middle of March, which seems to suggest a date earlier than the 23rd. At the same time it is just possible that the Doctor's "I am going to publish" to Miss Porter may for one of his fitful methods of work mean "I have yet to write." Boswell believes that Johnson, during his year in Staple Inn, made steady if slow progress with his edition of Shakspeare. At No. 11 he had a useful neighbour in Isaac Reed, "my steady friend," as Bozzy calls him, "of Staple Inn," to whom, in compiling the "Lives of the Poets," Johnson "was chiefly indebted." Reed, as we remember, also lent valuable assistance to George Steevens in his edition of Shakspeare. Steevens corrected all his proofs in Reed's chambers, and, being as eccentric in his habits as Reed was regular, enjoyed the privilege of a latch-key—a necessary indulgence, for he used to quit his house at Hampstead at one a.m. and walk to Staple Inn to resume his labours.

My friend the genial porter, of goodly garb and presence, tells you, with a shake of the head, that the old place is so popular that, unless you have a friend moving out who will give you his chambers, you cannot hope to move in. Everyone who loves old London must hope for a long continuance of this vogue and a long staying of the hand of modern City improvements from Staple Inn.

J. D. S.



THE FRONT COURT OF STAPLE INN.

WHAT THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY DOES.

One of the most useful, though by no means the most ancient, of our learned societies is undoubtedly that which makes its speciality the encouragement of geographical research, and, while the achievements of the Royal Geographical Society do much more than merely justify its existence, there can be no question but that its popularity equals, if it does not exceed, that of any other chartered body. The Society was the outcome of a number of minor institutions, the most important being the African Association, established in 1788, and the Raleigh Club, founded in 1827, in which the members were elected to represent various parts of the world. The Royal Geographical Society was the result of the fusion of these undertakings. It was born in 1830, when it started with 460 members, which, in the course of sixty-eight years, have increased to the present roll of 3929. The original home of the Society was in the rooms of the Horticultural Society in Regent Street, where it remained for ten years, during which time the number of members had nearly doubled. A move was made in 1840 to 3, Waterloo Place, but in 1854 the Society migrated to 15, Whitehall Place, where it remained until the lease expired in 1870, when the present home in Savile Row was purchased, and there the fine library was moved, at a cost of more than a thousand pounds. In 1894 a large sum was expended on structural improvements, and to-day the Society is housed as befits one of the most useful of our educational establishments.

The work of the Royal Geographical Society takes a variety of forms. It possesses a library and a collection of maps which are probably excelled by no special collections in the world. The former, commenced with a gift of 400 volumes in 1832, to-day numbers 31,000 volumes. The collection of maps owned by the Society totals over 100,000, and in addition to these there are also an extremely valuable collection of

photographs of strange countries of about the same number. It is perhaps not as generally known as is desirable that the map-room is open to the public free of charge daily. Besides affording facilities for geographical research, the Society prepares intending explorers for their self-imposed duties. In this direction there is at 1, Savile Row,

a well-equipped instruction-room where students are taught geology, botany, zoology, anthropology, photography, and the use of scientific instruments of observation. In addition to this most useful work, the Society lends scientific instruments to explorers who find a difficulty in obtaining a complete equipment. The most popular of the Society's work is probably the encouraging of expeditions to unknown portions of the world, and it is due to the Royal Geographical Society that much of our knowledge of foreign countries has been obtained. The expeditions fitted out by the Society started with a grant to Captain Back for his Arctic Land Expedition in 1852 and ends with the labours of Captain Deasy (Thibet), Professor Haddon (Borneo), and Mr. H. N. Dickson (Oceanic Research), all of whom started on their missions last year. Among the more important expeditions of which the cost was defrayed by the Society have been the Livingstone search and relief in 1874, the Cameron expedition in 1876-7, the Grant exploration in Africa in 1880, the East African tour in 1884, the Emin Pasha expedition in 1887, and the voyage of Sir H. M. Conway to Spitzbergen in 1896. In addition to direct encouragement of exploration, the Royal Geographical Society makes awards in recognition of services rendered to geographical knowledge. It has in its gift two Royal Gold Medals, awarded annually to the most distinguished travellers,

and four money awards, which have at various times been accorded to the most notable travellers the world has known. The most recent recipients of these distinctions are Dr. Nansen, M. Semenov, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Mr. C. E. Douglas, and Dr. Thorvald Thoroddsen.



THE HALL OF STAPLE INN.



THE FINE OLD FRONT OF STAPLE INN, FACING HOLBORN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREEMAN DOVASTON, GEORGE STREET, N.W.



'And I rode on and found a mighty hill,
And on the top, a city wall'd.'

Jennyson.

A SOLDIER'S MUSEUM.

At Brompton Barracks, Chatham, carefully hidden away from the inquiring gaze of the ubiquitous curio-hunter, is one of the grimmest museums on earth. Officially, it is true, it is known as the "Royal Engineer Model-Room." But it is a *bond fide* museum, nevertheless,



SNOB.

only within its portals are neither butterflies nor birds nor beetles, nor does the frisky mummy, linen-swathed, gaze reproachfully from the depths of its three-thousand-year-old sarcophagus. Instead are Maxim guns and Brennan torpedoes, models of semi-demolished forts and partially destroyed bridges, cannon of all ages and of every kind, shell and shot, fascines and gabions, and many other strange and deadly devices peculiar to the science of "glorious war."

It comes as a shock, almost, to stumble across a dog amid all this ostentation of slaughter-paraphernalia. It is, of course, a stuffed dog, and as scrubby-looking a little mongrel as one would wish to meet, to boot. But, for all that, he wears round his neck, suspended by the regulation pale-blue and yellow ribbon, the Crimean medal for service in the field. His dogship was originally a Russian subject, having been made a prisoner of war at the battle of the Alma River. A bearer-party, out searching for wounded by moonlight on the night following the fight, was startled by an ominous growl. "Look out! 'Ere's a bloomin' tyke," shouted the fore-

most man, and lifted his clubbed musket. But he dropped it again on the instant, and the others, coming up, stood reverently round in a half-circle. For the animal was guarding a corpse: a young Russian officer with a big blue mark on his forehead and the back blown out of his head. And the growl was intended as a warning to all and sundry to lay no profane hand upon the poor, pitiful piece of clay.

It was some time ere the self-constituted guardian of the dead warrior could be coaxed away; but they got him to the British trenches at last, and, after a while, he made friends with his new masters and became the



CROWS' FEET, FOR LAMING CAVALRY.

regimental pet of the Royal Engineers. Snob, as he was christened, followed the corps throughout the campaign, and, when peace was proclaimed, accompanied it to England. His particular and peculiar habitat was the regimental guard-room. Here he would frisk by day and doze by night, welcoming each new guard with a prodigious amount of tail-wagging and barking, and invariably evincing the liveliest interest in the operation of posting sentries. It was his custom to run on ahead of each "relief," giving utterance at the same time to a series of short, sharp, staccato barks. In this way, it is averred, he on more than one occasion incontinently roused a somnolent sentry, thereby saving that worthy a well-merited court-martial. Snob died, of sheer old age, in 1866.

The peculiarly distorted face shown above is not that of an Irish village politician after a more than ordinarily virulent faction-fight; neither is it intended for the counterfeit presentment of our old friend "Aunt Sally," altered by a hard Bank Holiday's work; it is a cast in plaster, taken immediately after death, of the head of a Zulu induna who

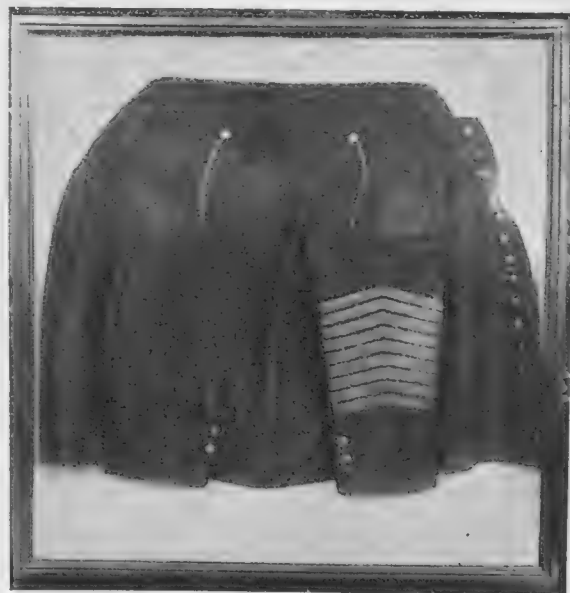
was killed at the battle of Ulundi. This redoubtable warrior was rushing with brandished spear right at the British square, when a fragment of bursting shrapnel caught him full in the face, effectually stopping his further advance, and twisting his nose and mouth into the figure eight conformation outlined herewith.

The "Crows' Feet" form another relic of the Crimean campaign, having been placed by the Russians in a field of growing wheat, with the amiable intention of crippling and throwing into confusion our cavalry. Happily, this particular specimen was found by a British infantry patrol, and carried within our lines.

"A Record of Good Conduct" will appeal to all old soldiers, no matter of what rank or corps. The tunic in question belonged to Sapper Benjamin Murray, the only man in the British Army who ever succeeded in earning and wearing nine good-conduct badges. These badges, it should be explained, are the outward and visible signs of a decent and well-behaved soldier. They are of white worsted, and are worn upon the right arm, and each one carries with it an addition of a penny to the wearer's daily rate of pay. To obtain his first badge, the young soldier must keep clear, for a period of two whole years, of any offence sufficiently grave to merit entering in the Regimental Defaulter-Book. His second badge is obtainable on the same terms at the end of six years' service, and the third at the end of twelve. It will, therefore, be seen that, difficult as it may appear for the soldier to secure his first badge, it is just twice as hard for him to earn his second; while the third will entail upon him a period of probation equal to that required for the first and second combined. Sapper Murray's nine badges were earned by no fewer than forty-five years' exemplary conduct: a marvellous performance when one considers the manifold temptations that beset a soldier and the strictness of the discipline to which he is subjected. One can scarcely help wondering what manner of man this Murray was. Did his soul never yearn during all those years for a real, good, old-fashioned army "drunk"? Was he not guilty on any single occasion of "breaking out" of barracks, or shirking his "orderly man," or quitting his "fatigue," or giving "back chat"? Or was it that he was more successful than his comrades in dodging the provost-sergeants? It may have been. With regard to



IMPRESSION OF THE FACE OF A ZULU WHO WAS STRUCK BY AN EXPLODING SHELL.



A RECORD OF GOOD CONDUCT.

this the records are silent. All that we know for certain is that he enlisted on August 16, 1813, at the age of nineteen; and was discharged on June 27, 1858, aged sixty-five. And a munificent Government rewarded him with a pension of two shillings a-day.

The last illustration is of a model of a house, which has been seized

by the "pioneers," and prepared against a supposititious attack by an invisible enemy. The lower windows, it will be observed, have been filled with sand-bags or protected by means of deal boards; the upper have been screened with rugs and carpets, and the walls have been loop-holed. The photograph does not show the interior of the dwelling, or we should find that the doors, both front and back, have been secured with long spikes, as well as by piling against them pianos, bureaux, and other



HOW TO DEFEND A DWELLING.

similar articles of furniture. The entrance to the cellar has also been protected by rows of beer- and wine-barrels, emptied of their own proper contents, and filled instead with earth excavated from the lawn; and, in addition, the grounds have been plentifully interlaced with "wire entanglement," to supply which the telegraph connected with an adjoining railway has been torn down and utilised. Thus transformed, and garrisoned by a couple of score of determined men armed with modern magazine-rifles, a house becomes at once a small fort, impregnable to any enemy unprovided with artillery.

H. S.

LORD ERNEST HAMILTON AS A NOVELIST.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's novel, "The Outlaws of the Marches," published by Mr. Unwin, possesses qualities that make for, if they do not make, good fiction. The author has been happier in his choice of a subject, the march ridings of the Elliots and Armstrongs, than in his treatment of the same, for the theme calls for verve and "snap," for which the reader looks in vain. The plot is merely the love at first sight of Gavin Elliot for a lass across the Border—Joan Hetherton by name. Time and again, at the very point of winning, Joan is torn from Gavin's arms by the Armstrongs of Whithaugh, moved, in the first instance, by a passionate daughter of their house, Trimmie, whose love Gavin cannot return. At first, the reader fancies that this Mistress Trimmie, who is drawn with considerable strength, is to be Gavin's fate. But, one fine night, Gavin goes on a foray across into England, where he meets Joan in circumstances which, in romance, inevitably necessitate love. Thenceforward Trimmie studies revenge very thoroughly, and manages to plague Master Gavin "woundily" before she atones for all her mischief by dying for him. A wonderful way with the women this Gavin must have had. Modestly, for his tale is told in the first person, he represents himself as a sad lout, by no means cunning of wit or of fence, yet he bewitches a third woman and wounds stout moss-troopers to the death. This third woman's devotion, indeed, leads her to sacrifice, if not her life, at least her love, to aid Gavin in his wooing, a thing by no means as improbable as it may seem. These conflicting passions, however, do not seriously complicate the issue, about which the reader is never in suspense. Of course, Gavin is bound to win, and win he does. The author everywhere shows knowledge of his subject, and in the scenery he is evidently perfect; but it is a counsel of doubtful wisdom to have illustrated the book only with photographs of the principal localities, one of them with painfully modern accessories. There are not lacking good episodes which would have served the illustrator's turn very well. In true Scottish humour, whether in man or woman, the book is painfully deficient, but it is meritoriously free from the false sentimentality of the most mawkish Kailyardism, and that is something to be thankful for. At the same time, the glimpses of real Scottish feeling are few. It would be interesting, by the way, to know the author's authority for such expressions as "I done" and "You done" in Liddesdale speech. In Dr. Murray's exhaustive work on the dialect of the southern counties of Scotland I can remember no example of this usage, so startlingly reminiscent of Cockneydom. Possibly it may be a modern corruption inadvertently introduced into the speech of the closing sixteenth century. Appended is a not unnecessary glossary, which might have been more satisfactory in some of its interpretations—for example, "Gaol-bird," for "Cheat-the-woodie." "Rogue unhung" would have been happier.

IN A SEDAN.

She was dressed in an exquisite gown—
The creamiest silk you may buy.
Her shoe was so small that it must have come down
From Fairydom up in the sky.
Her step it was light, though her tresses were white
(For the Fashion decided the plan);
And she wended her way to a dance or a play
In the loveliest little Sedan

I happened to meet her one night in the year—
(But why need I mention a date?);
Suffice it to say that she sat in her "cheer"
With the pride of a Princess in State.
And the chairmen who strode through the mob in the road
That followed the gay caravan,
Were calling aloud to the curious crowd,
"Make way for my lady's Sedan!"

They stopped at a spot where a miniature beau
Was waiting her coming with pride;
His coat and his wig were as white as the snow,
And he carried his hat by his side.
As he handed her out with a welcome devout
My lady abandoned her fan,
And, raising her dress like a little Princess,
She stepped from her silken Sedan. . . .

Ah me! lack-a-day! it was only a dream
Of days that we may not recall;
For one is compelled to go on with the stream,
While all that I saw was a ball,
Where a gay cavalcade in a mixed masquerade,
From Alfred to Mary and Anne,
Had made me believe we were just on the eve
Of the days of the dainty Sedan.

But out in the street I could hear from afar
The rumble of growlers galore,
The whirr of the yellow electrical car,
While hansom-draws drew up at the door.
And "my lady" in socks and the shortest of frocks,
And shoes that were possibly tan,
Would tell me with scorn when she waked on the morn
What she thought of that "silly Sedan."



THE SEDAN-CHAIR.

Pictured by Chancellor of Dublin

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Herbert Dicksee's "Forest Raiders," an admirable study in animal action, is reproduced herewith, and shows that artist's work at quite its extreme best. Landscape and animals are here equally interesting, the first in its bleakness exactly suiting the ferocity of the second. And there is also a sentiment of pure animal life in the canvas which is very rare and individual. An original etching of the picture, by the way, of important size, is being published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of 8, Clare Street, Bristol, who are prepared to supply any particulars on the subject. The picture is sufficiently interesting to warrant such a publication—interesting and even impressive for more than one reason.

Animal-painters are usually faced by a great temptation, and it is an extraordinary thing that for the most part their popularity for the immediate moment usually increases in direct proportion to their surrender to this temptation. This is no less than an ardent inclination to saddle animals with human expressions, for the pure sentiment of the thing. What more popular animal-painter in this modern world has existed than Sir Edwin Landseer? His work was renowned among

there never was such art as English art, never one with such a past, with such a present, and with such prospects. I have mentioned above an anecdote chronicled by Redgrave in his extremely interesting *Memoirs* (published three or four years ago) concerning the huge success achieved by English art at the Paris Exhibition. That success was, of course, viewed by English eyes and through the spectacles of French compliments, and now it is strange indeed to find Sir Edward Poynter, speaking in his capacity of President of the Royal Academy at a Mansion House dinner, reversing that verdict, even though it were done in the presence and for the benefit of Frenchmen.

Numerous earnest students, said Sir Edward Poynter, feeling that the art of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner had so worked itself out that by the middle of this century it had become degenerated to a somewhat trivial mannerism, went abroad to Germany, Belgium, and France—principally to France. Then he went on to say that, "the Paris Exhibition of 1855 opened the eyes of our countrymen; and in the next Paris Exhibition he hoped that English art would make a very



FOREST RAIDERS.—HERBERT DICKSEE.

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contemporary fellow-citizens, lauded by contemporary foreign painters. Redgrave records the huge success which his pictures achieved in Paris on the occasion of the first Exhibition. His dying stags, his knowing, his crafty, his pathetic dogs, were, of course, the sensation of the time. The secret was simple. Landseer had learned—let me allow, subtly enough—a curious trick of endowing his animals with what were called natural expressions, but which were really human expressions fitted without violence upon the subjects of his canvas. The natural result inevitably has followed. A Landseer is not now nearly so valuable as it was either at the height of the painter's popularity or within a few years of his death.

The mistake has been seen and corrected by more modern painters. Mr. Swan, for example, who harked back to the days of painting when the mistake had never been made. Vandyck's horses are unsurpassed in their own peculiar way, so dignified, so grand, so majestic they are; but Velasquez has horses as fine and as nobly colossal. In our own day there has been a steady return to the greater ideas of that past; even Meissonier, the despised Meissonier, whose work has had such a terrible market slump in these days, avoided Landseer's mistake, and Lady Butler, de Neuville, and Rosa Bonheur have followed in the same truer paths. To this school, and to that of Mr. Swan, Mr. Herbert Dicksee's work belongs, and on this ground alone it is worthy of praise.

It is a matter pretty well known, and to some extent well laughed at, that you have only to get a few English artists together in what may be called "chummy" moments, and each will genially assure the other that

distinct advance." Thus are the stories and rejoicings of one generation falsified by the traditions of another. And yet, how well one knows that, when the next Paris Exhibition occurs, there will be the same congratulations, the same complacency, and, perhaps—forty years hence—the same revelation of the naked, the Ibsenite truth, which an international courtesy once before and again now suppresses.

In fact, the compliments have already begun. At the same banquet, M. Armand Dayot, on behalf of the French Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, dared to say that he hoped that the section of English art at the Paris Exhibition would score a distinct success, for he had the "heartiest admiration" of that art on account of—what do you suppose?—its elegance, its daring, and its rich independence. And would you know why this gentleman's hopes ran so wildly high? Tell it not in Gath, neither in Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistine rejoice. Let me whisper it. Sir Edward Poynter was born in Paris. Sir Edward (Paris-born) in his speech, however, declared that he would far rather have spoken on behalf of foreign than of English art, which he would have liked to see entrusted to M. Bouguereau or M. Benjamin-Constant. It was a distinct pity that the President was disappointed, for nothing would have been more delightful than to hear M. Bouguereau praising the English Academy and Sir Edward praising the Paris Salon. Yet in that case we should not have had those illuminating words put on record, that the Paris Exhibition of 1855 "opened the eyes of our countrymen." Those words are too precious to be lost in view of English opinion at that period. They make one also look forward prophetically to 1940 as destined to reveal the truths of 1900.



AN AUSTRALASIAN BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

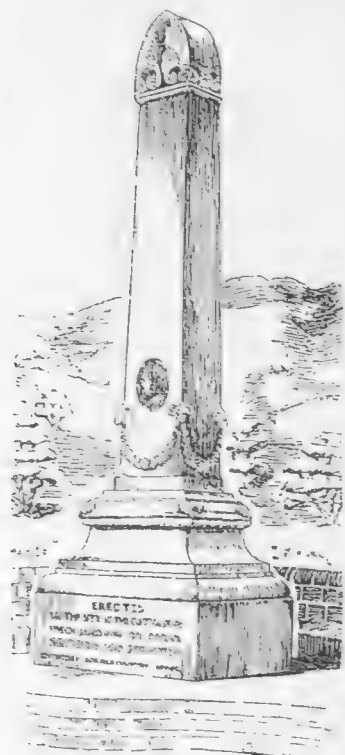


A BELLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

IN MEMORY OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Lord Napier and Ettrick on Saturday unveiled a monument in the kirkyard of Ettrick, to the immortal memory of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The monumental part of the present memorial, from a design



MONUMENT TO HOGG.

Reproduced from the "Border Magazine."

by Mr. Heiton, of Darnick Tower, is of red Corsehill freestone, and stands twenty feet high. The lower base has this inscription in bronze, "Erected on the site of the cottage in which James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born, 1770. Died 1835. The Edinburgh Border Counties Association." The base, which is nearly five feet in height, is finished with a massive thumb moulding, the four corners of which are stopt with acanthus leaves. This is surrounded by a massive obelisk, on which are carved laurel wreaths, and on the corners are four rams' heads. Over these, on the face of the structure, is inserted a fine bronze medallion of the poet, from a design by Mr. W. Hubert Paton, sculptor, Edinburgh, nephew of Sir Noël Paton.

Lockhart styled Hogg "the most remarkable man who ever wore the maud (plaid) of a shepherd." Carlyle, who met him in London, was as little complimentary to him as to Charles Lamb, while Christopher North, in his "Noctes" in *Blackwood*, has given us an ideal shepherd in some respects, the mouthpiece of a riotous humour, a mixture of poetry, sense, and nonsense, which even the late Sir John Skelton's careful gleaning in the "Comedy of the Noctes" will scarcely

keep alive. The general reader remembers Hogg only as a literary phenomenon, author of those fine verses "Kilmeny," from the "Queen's Wake," that memorable lyric to "The Skylark," and two songs, "When the Kye Comes Hame" and "Flora MacDonald's Lament," with the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" thrown in as a specimen of his numerous prose tales. Hogg, with all his faults, made a deep impression on contemporary literary life, and the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, which has already memorialised Thomas the Rhymer by the purchase of the Rhymer's Tower at Earlstoun, and John Leyden by the purchase and preservation of the cottage in which he was born at Denholm, has just marked off the birthplace of Hogg by a chaste and substantial monument at Ettrickhall, in the Vale of Ettrick.

In 1858 the Rev. Charles Rogers started the movement for the erection of a monument to Hogg. The sum of £400 was subscribed, and the result stands in the neighbourhood of Tibbie Shiels' Cottage at St. Mary's Loch. The poet is represented as seated on an oak root, in the attitude of contemplation, and the figure, with plaid and crook, rests on a pedestal adorned with appropriate emblems and inscription. In his left hand is a scroll on which are the words, "He taught the wandering winds to sing." Hogg's Cottage at Ettrickhall has disappeared, but near by is Ettrick Kirk and churchyard, with a plain tombstone over his remains; there also rests that remarkable landlady, "Tibbie Shiels," and Thomas Boston, author of "The Fourfold State."

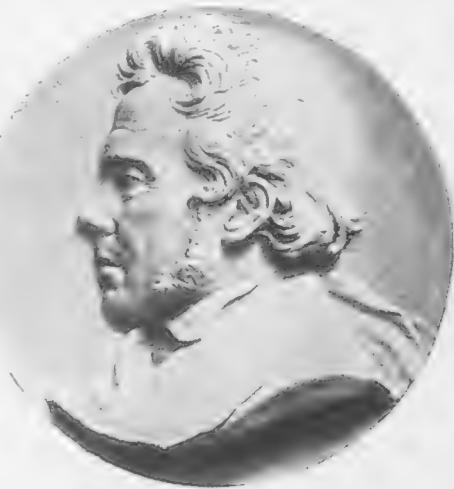
Much less has been heard of Hogg's native valley of Ettrick than the neighbouring one of Yarrow, so much besung; but there is no doubt that Ettrick Vale is the finer of the two. In passing from Selkirk, there is Oakwood Tower and the ruins of Tushielaw Castle, where Adam Scott, King of the Border Thieves, was hanged in

front of his own door in 1529, during the progress of James IV. over the Border. A little further up the valley is Thirlstane Castle, the seat of Lord Napier and Ettrick, and, just beyond, the present monument to lure the pilgrim upwards and onwards.

The visitors' book at Tibbie Shiels', over in the other valley, at St. Mary's Loch, has the names of Robert Louis Stevenson, Professor Aytoun, Professor Blackie, John Campbell Shairp, and many other notabilities past and present.

THE MEDALLION OF HOGG ON THE MONUMENT.

Photo by J. C. H. Dalmain.



SOME HISTORIC SCOTTISH CASTLES.

Of all the castles which remain to bear witness of the far-reaching change which came over the architecture of Scotland in the thirteenth century, Bothwell is at once the most magnificent and best preserved. It is, indeed, the grandest ruin of its kind in Scotland, and may safely challenge comparison with the noble thirteenth-century castles of France or the Edwardian castles of England. As the home of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, it is of interest to the historian, and, to the student of literature, it derives much of its charm from its associations with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Sir Walter Scott.

No traveller down the Clyde, whether he journeys by rail on either side of the river or on the river itself, can fail to notice the twin-peaked rock of Dumbarton Castle, and no student of Scottish history can explore for long among its archives without often meeting the name of that historic fortress, for Dumbarton Castle bulks almost as largely in the annals of Scotland as it does in the landscape of the Clyde. To the patriotic Scotchman the connection of Dumbarton with Wallace must always remain one of its strongest attractions. How far, however, that connection was a real one, and how much it owes merely to the traditions enshrined in the rhymes of Blind Harry, is a point often warmly disputed by antiquarians. Whatever may have been the facts of the case, Wallace's name will be linked with Dumbarton Rock so long as any buildings remain there. On the eastern peak, where the powder-magazine is located, "Wallace's Tower" yet lifts its head to the sky, and lower down, spanning the stone stairway which straggles up to the summit, there is a small building known as "Wallace's Guardroom."

As might have been expected, Dumbarton Castle is closely interwoven with the history of Scotland during the reign of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, and while she was still in France various plots were concocted for gaining possession of the fortress in the interest of Elizabeth. Queen Mary herself was at Dumbarton Castle on several occasions. Her first visit took place in 1547, for on Aug. 7 in that year she sailed from the fortress to France, after having had an attack of small-pox within its walls. On the lower platform of the castle a curiously carved sun-dial is still to be seen, and local tradition asserts that it was presented to the Scottish Queen by the French Ambassador. It was towards Dumbarton Castle, it will be remembered, that Queen Mary was journeying when the Battle of Langside thwarted all her plans and drove her into her lifelong imprisonment. Had she safely reached that impregnable fortress the whole course of Scottish history might have been changed.

Sir Walter Scott, in "The Abbot," and Mr. Froude, in his "History of England," both have occasion to describe Lochleven Castle, and they set about their task in such a way as to lead their readers to suppose they write from intimate knowledge of the building. But whoever makes a careful inspection of the castle cannot fail to conclude that the novelist and historian alike must have described the structure from hearsay, or even less reliable information. Sir Walter's account of the interview between Queen Mary and the nobles who insisted on her abdication would harmonise better with Holyrood Palace than Lochleven Castle. Even supposing Mary's place of imprisonment was located in the keep, none of its apartments are of that spacious size which Scott's description implies. But there is no ground for such a supposition, for there is little doubt that the Queen passed the long months of her Lochleven captivity in the round tower which now bears her name. Mr. Froude describes it as, "something like an ordinary lime-kiln, from seven to eight feet in diameter; the walls were five feet thick, formed of rough-hewn stone rudely plastered, and pierced with long, narrow slits for windows, through which nothing larger than a cat could pass, but which admitted daylight and glimpses of the lake and hills. This, again, was divided into three rooms." Now this description of Queen Mary's Tower is misleading in almost every particular. The diameter of the building is nearly twice that given by Mr. Froude; the size of the windows may be judged from the illustration; at least two of the rooms are provided with fireplaces (Mr. Froude says one), and there is a staircase in the wall leading from the first to the second storey.

Hallbar Tower is an admirable example of the square baronial keep, rising storey above storey, which is so peculiar to Scotland and to the style of architecture which characterises the castles built in that country during the fifteenth century. This picturesque and carefully preserved building, which is situated in a richly wooded dell about a mile and a-half south of the Braidwood Station, was the fortalice of the Barony of Braidwood, and is so described in some of the titles. The tower is upwards of fifty feet high and twenty-four feet square. The north gable is designed to form a dovecot, the nests being formed in the face of the wall, and the dovecot enclosed with a wooden brattice supported on beams projecting from the wall.

Carrick Castle is charmingly situated near the middle of the west side of Lochgoil. It stands on a rocky peninsular platform formerly defended on the landward side by a deep moat, all traces of which have long disappeared. The entrance to the castle from the shore was by a draw-bridge, which was defended by a strong wall and two small towers. The date of its erection is unknown. The present building can be traced in old documents as far back as the end of the fifteenth century, but, as it never appears to have been a family residence, the actual date of its erection will probably never be known. Local tradition asserts that it was built by the Danes, but the architectural comment on that tradition amounts to no more than that the castle occupies the site of a Scandinavian fort. When it is remembered that Carrick Castle was a royal stronghold, held by the Earls of Argyll as hereditary keepers, it is surprising that so little of its history has survived to the present day.



SOME HISTORIC SCOTTISH CASTLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELLEY.

SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE EDGWARE ROAD.

As I came up the Edgware Road on the top of a "Royal Oak" 'bus at five o'clock, the Saturday-night costers had already begun to arrive, and were skirmishing for strategic positions near the Paddington Station, opposite Praed Street. Two or three Hokey-Pokey men had already anchored alongside the curb, and were hanging out their signs, while the shellfish-mongers were manœuvring in the offing around Harrow Road, in good range of the public-houses, preparing for the blockade of the evening. The pavements had begun to fill up; there were rumours of a forthcoming excitement at large among the ragamuffins; pockets were being anxiously rummaged for ha'pennies, and wonderful campaigns of investment were being negotiated by syndicates of infant capitalists. They were pooling as much as tuppence-ha'penny, on one corner, for a plunge in sweets that night.

At eight o'clock we set out, Romancie and I, to hover, like Valkyries, about the Battle of the Hucksters. The pavement was a river of sight-seers, flowing up the inside of the walk, and down the outside, like a loop of belting geared to innumerable activities on the edge of the street, and in the open shops. These, however, were singly intent upon the professed caterers of that fair; for real observers of the event as a whole, there was none there, save Romancie and I. Everyone had come for either one of two reasons—to see the show of the costers, or to buy amusement and Sunday provision. For us, as strangers, there was as

whelk. Here our studies in ballad-lore were put to the proof, and yet, to our eyes, a shellfish is named according to its size alone. "What else is the difference between winkle, cockle, whelk, and snail?" said Romancie. "You eat one with a pin, to be sure, and it is, no doubt, right that the periwinkle of commerce should be so favoured. Clad in their own involuted shells, they are not unbeautiful, but the nude snail of any size is not a dignified object. The shrimp, now, to which extreme we have become accustomed in California, gains by being undressed, and emerges from the process pinker, cleaner, and seemingly younger, by the loss of whi-kers, horns, and legs; and even the oyster, except so far as it resembles the human ear, gains by its frame of dainty pearl. No, the beauty of the periwinkle is only shell-deep!"

So mused Romancie half-aloud as we jostled elbows with housemaids, lodging-house matrons, and leering lights o' love, pavement stragglers, and patient husbands holding gaping baskets, into which was poured the stream of garden truck, as from the cornucopia of Flora herself. To see strawberries sold by the pound was a distinct disappointment to Romancie, who had carefully schooled herself in the practice of the strange word "pottle," cribbed from Dobson's famous Pantom. She marvelled at the refinements distinguishing "All Fresh Eggs, 12d." and "Good and Cheap, 9d."—but of this Dan Leno had forewarned us at the Pavilion Music Hall. "What can you say?—Egg!" "EGG!" But from this sad memory we were revived by the æsthetic aspects of the fair. Here were mint and catnip, and, yes, sweet-brier for sale—and wan poets buying them! "Sweet-brier! sweet-brier! Only a penny, lady dear, to



MR. GELETT BURGESS'S IDEA OF THE EDGWARE ROAD.

much diversion in the eager faces of 'Arry and 'Arriet, the prolific mothers, the Tommy-with-his-maid, and the overreaching gamins, as in the crafty wiles of the petty merchants who lined the kerb with their wares, and whose seducing persiflage arose over the hum of interest in raucous syllables.

There were things to eat, things to wear, and things made for no other purpose than to wheedle coppers out of a willing purse. Temptations flew like summer lightnings, like shots from Cupid's bow, piercing the hearts of the just and the unjust. You felt sudden yearnings for wants hitherto undreamed. You purchased Apples of Sodom never envied before, and whose fantastic, gilded attributes faded into dust as soon as they were carried from the glare of the naphtha torches.

The little hungry faces around the Hokey-Pokey stands first allured us, and Romancie tactlessly insinuated a penny into the chocolate palm of the smallest bystander. Within the minute his lithe, prehensile tongue was writhing at the cloudy bottom of a glass and his eyes were singing strange paeans of praise to the demi-god who had concocted such ambrosia. We passed on, but in our wake, from that time forth, there wriggled a horde of tiny beggars, who whitemailed us at every stand.

We passed shops bedecked with mysteries—what, in heaven's name, were "fondants," that they should be hawked at sixpence the pound? Our retinue knew, though, and levied tribute forthwith. They approved, too, the morgue-like slabs, where little naked "selected" bananas were laid out, and they bled us unconscionably for ha'penny slices of the juicy "pine" that had perhaps seen better, cleaner days.

But it was at the shellfish-tables that we felt the full magic of the fête, for America knows not the pink periwinkle, nor, eke, the wrinkled

remind you of your own sweetheart!" Ah, there were poets selling, too, and they made fair game of such a gentle, susceptible simple as my Romancie! Of a different order, however, the lyrics printed upon the pint papers of the Harwich whelk, to wit—

From far and near, you can see clear,
A penny a pint is not too dear!

Well, we had large lumps of mutton shaken in our faces that night, but did not buy. We defeated the allurements of sitting in a brass chair and being balanced against lumps of bullion in the tremendous scales—booty from some war with Brobdignag, no doubt. Romancie is not at all the sort of a sweetheart who confides either her weight or her age, I assure you. But we did bribe the proprietor of the multiple phonograph, and watched the explosive outbreak of a dozen simultaneous smiles when he turned on, as a sample of its accomplishments, "Our Lodger is a Nice Young Man!"

Of course, our nationality was observed in some dumb sort of prescience by those whose business it was to know, and we were exposed as American millionaires whenever we paused for a moment. No doubt the following of subsidised beggarlets collaborated in this shame, and we were met with imploring locutions. "It will only cost you a cent, sir!" said more than one coster. But that is by no means the way to coax a man from New York.

And so, at last, as it was getting late, and we were tired, we turned off at a fishmonger's. As we passed, we caught sight of a touching sign—"YOUTH Wanted."

"Ah," said Romancie, "that is just what I have been looking for, now, this twelvemonth; it seems one can't buy everything, even on Edgware Road, of a Saturday night!"

GELETT BURGESS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



INNOCENT PARTY : Now, can you tell me where this road goes to?
RUSTIC : Doan't go nowhere. Bin 'ere ever since I knowed it.

EARLY ENGLAND AT EARL'S COURT.

The two attractions depicted in the accompanying pictures of the Earl's Court Exhibition are a curious contrast. On the one hand, we have a replica of quaint old buildings, ivy-covered and time-stained; on the other, we have the pretty lake, with its gliding gondolas and its view of the Big Wheel, that essentially up-to-date example of modern invention. To many minds, the latter is by far the best feature of Earl's Court. It is beautiful enough by daylight, when the church spire finishes off the picture, but by far the best effect is obtained at night, especially on a clear one. Countless lights, in pearl and amber-coloured shades, glimmer along the edge of the water, and outline the buildings as with a gigantic string of brilliants, while the lake itself appears to be of a deep blue, reminding one vividly of the beauty of southern seas.

But, "Pass along, gents, pass along," through the Floral Lounge, which is at once spacious, cosy, and attractive to the senses, with its colour, its perfume, and its music, and enter Picturesque England. If the history of this spot could be traced and brought home to the mind's eye by illustrations, it would be an interesting study. Not many years ago, it was, like the rest of the present Exhibition grounds, waste land which seemingly could not be turned to good account. Less than two seasons ago it was an Indian Village. But for last year's Exhibition, which dealt so instructively with the period of the Queen's reign, a change was needed, and nothing seemed so appropriate to Mr. Imre Kiralfy as the representation of an old-time English village. So old pictures were procured, architects were set to work, and the present picturesque group of buildings came into being. Mr. Kiralfy wisely determined not to take any special place as his

model; but, instead, he selected little bits here and there, and formed them into a compact, symmetrical, harmonious whole, the result reflecting every credit upon his ingenuity and eye for the picturesque. The photographers have selected three of the most characteristic views, any one of which is sufficient justification for Picturesque England being retained in this year's Exhibition.

Indeed, it would not surprise me to find that it becomes a permanent feature at Earl's Court. It has the double advantage that it looks equally well by day and by night, for the architectural work has been well carried out, and the builders have done their part so cleverly that the illusion is complete. If there were any crudities last year, they have disappeared, together with the painfully realistic cobble stones, this season. For time's ripening hand soon affects artificial efforts of this kind, especially in London, but, in the case under notice, the effect is a distinct gain.

But the directors of the Exhibition are eminently practical people, and they know that the public wants something more than mere buildings, no matter how beautiful they may be, so they have used the interior of the buildings for some interesting side-shows. In the largest of them the smallest entertainers in the world hold daily audience. Both Mrs. General Tom Thumb and her diminutive companions have already been noticed in these pages. Another excellent troupe is that of the Neapolitan singers, who, in native costume, sing the songs of their sunny land in most pleasing fashion. Then, for those who wish to enjoy a hearty laugh at a small expenditure of time and money, a visit to South Sea Island

Joe, who is perfectly genuine, despite his pronounced American accent, may be cordially recommended. And, to carry out the idea of Picturesque England consistently, you can be weighed on "Ye Olde Englishe" beam-scales, and you can drink milk fresh from "Ye Englishe Cowe."



AN ODD CORNER IN PICTURESQUE ENGLAND.



THE LAKE. WITH ITS THOUSANDS OF PEARL AND AMBER-COLOURED LIGHTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

PICTURESQUE ENGLAND AT EARL'S COURT.

Photographs by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.



THE TEA-ROOM AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.



THE DAIRY AND THE WEIGHING-MACHINE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MAN BEHIND ME.

BY W. J. LANCASTER.

I was travelling on the top of a morning omnibus, when the man behind me laid a deprecatory hand upon my shoulder.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he said, "but your tie is up."

When a man is told that his tie is "up," the nature of his reply depends entirely upon his temper at the moment and the state of the weather. If either or both are unfavourable, he doesn't quite know just at first which of two people annoys him most—himself or the man who tells him; but a moment's reflection will convince him that it is better to be angry with his neighbour than himself, and he will probably let fly with, "Why didn't you tell me before, then?" in a voice quivering with injured dignity, and follow it up with a few undertones about some people's want of regard for the feelings of others. Or, if he who accosts him be a stranger, he may soothe his pride with the gruffness of his "Thank ye," and adjust the offending cravat with somewhat petulant haste and an abstracted frown.

But with me that morning things were too fair for such a course. I had taken a good breakfast, and the breeze was the keenest October. I love such a wind, and accordingly, as with deliberate hands I gently persuaded my tie to resume its conventional position, I courteously turned for the first time to thank the man behind me. His appearance somewhat surprised me. He was emaciated, and like an old flag for tatters, and I wondered where he found (and kept) the penny to pay the 'bus. But he was kind enough to help me to an immediate solution of the problem, for, with a really brilliant smile, he remarked—

"So unlucky, left my purse at home! Could you oblige me by lending me the fare?"

It was irresistible. I entered into the humour of the thing, and as the conductor breasted the steps I handed him some small change.

"Just leaving town," I said. "Don't trouble to return it. So inconvenient to come out without money! Do it myself sometimes."

While, in the same spirit, he replied, "I couldn't think of it, really. You will give me your address?"

But this I didn't quite see, and as we pulled up at the Marble Arch I dismounted, in some amusement at the incident. But I had not walked many yards on my way across the Park before I was again aware of the man behind me. Seeing that I observed him, he ranged alongside and brought up with all sails aback.

"You will doubtless be wondering," said he, "what made me take such an interest in your tie?"

"Not a bit, not a bit," said I. "You explained it just now on the 'bus."

He grinned, but waived the innuendo.

"I never can bear to see a man looking untidy about the collar."

"That, my friend," thought I, "doubtless explains why you are not wearing one."

"The fact is," he went on, "I'm a gentleman."

"It's a wide term," I said drily, but noting with appreciation his use of the present.

"And a sailor," he continued, looking sideways at me, and began incontinently an impromptu hornpipe, to the accompaniment of which we walked several yards. But the music was a mistake. His whistling was flat, and few things annoy me more than flat whistling.

"Oh, damn your sailing!" I said to him; "you haven't the cut of a sailor or the whistle of one either. Where are you bound, and what do you want?"

My anger—more or less assumed, for I confess the fellow amused me—didn't abash him a whit.

"Oh, any port in a storm," he said cheerfully. "I'm under your convoy now, if you'll help me; and that's about what it comes to, for I'm devilish low in the water, Captain Johns."

His use of my name brought me to. In the course of a long life at sea I had run across a good many people of all sorts, and I now looked for the sudden recognition that sometimes strikes a man, but his face was not familiar to me. He seemed amused at my perplexity.

"No, sir," he said; "we haven't met at sea, but I know you, as many do"—looking at my beard, which is a long one—"and that many a man you've given a hoist to is the better for it to-day."

This last rather disappointed me. The man had begun so ingeniously that I hoped I had found an original in rags; but this smacked of the ordinary loafer, a variety which always makes the boot on my right leg feel insufficiently substantial. But what he said may be true enough. It's a weakness of mine to help a lame dog over a stile when I come across him, though I find most of them just as lame when they've passed it, and many even snarl at you from the other side. However, it was quite likely he had heard of me, and, identifying me by design or chance, would try his luck with me.

"Well," I said, "what's your story?"

This set him off again on his jauntier tack. "No," he said; "what's the use? You may take it I've been luckless or a rogue. But I'm a proud man"—with a twinkle in his eye—"but there it is. I offer you the chance of doing me a good turn—take it or leave it." And the execrable hornpipe was resumed with a would-be sprightliness in which I thought I found a note of anxiety.

His audacity saved him. Whatever the man had been, he interested me, and, as it so happened that a small garden which is a hobby with my girls and myself stood at that time badly in need of a trimming, it ended in my offering him the job.

He jumped at it eagerly, and did it so well that when it was finished I found more work for him, on which he seemed to thrive, and, if not particularly grateful, gave me cause to congratulate myself that a good turn had not been thrown away.

Then, one day, he failed to turn up, and in a little while we had forgotten all about the man, whom my family had dubbed "the man behind me." But six months later I met him again, looking all the worse for the interval. He was shuffling along a path in Kensington Gardens, and I came upon him suddenly from the side.

"Well!" I said.

He started, and jumped at once upon the fiction of the sea. "A man returns to it," he said; "can't help himself. I shipped in a tramp" ("tramp" was good), "and got wrecked in the Mediterranean. There's some money of mine at the bottom of it now. I was just coming along to see you"; and, rogue or no rogue, his jauntiness was so sad to see that I took him along with me and gave him a feed and an odd job or two, on which he seemed to thrive again for a while, as before. I have never met a cleverer man with his hands. He seemed steady, too, and for a long time I failed to lay a finger on the flaw in him. For a flaw there always is in a broken life, and that a pretty big one. But here, as I say, I was quite at a loss. Then one of the servants came to me. "Oh, please, sir," she said; "those cases downstairs—"

"Well, what about them?" said I.

An old friend had recently sent me some very fine Jamaica rum. The cases containing it stood at the end of a passage in the basement, and I had that morning given orders that my friend of the omnibus should open them.

"Well, sir, the man Williams; will you come and see him?" said the girl, with a suppressed giggle.

I marched down.

The "man behind me" was sitting upon one of the cases, in the sleeves of a shirt I had given him, handling a hammer and a chisel with a somewhat wild dexterity. Over a second case was flung his coat. A strong smell of rum filled the passage. For a moment I was puzzled, then the state of things flashed upon me.

"Bit cold without your coat, isn't it?" I said.

"Noratall, noratall; warm work!" he replied, raising his hammer.

"You'd better put it on," I said with meaning.

He rose somewhat unsteadily, made for his coat, and lifted it, revealing as he did so a bottle skilfully smashed across the neck and nearly half-empty.

"Harra m'sfortune t' break one," he explained, grabbing his coat and nimbly putting himself between me and the back-door. "Cap'tal sp'r'rts," he added, when he thought he was safe; but, unfortunately for himself, he tripped the same moment over a step, and it was not for nearly five minutes that he left the house, during which time I once again experienced the sensation of requiring a heavier boot.

I have never seen him since, but my girls sometimes allude to him even now as "the man in front of me."

THE BOOK OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

Glasgow has produced a very handsome volume in honour of its fine old Cathedral. The subject is such a large one that it has been dealt with by eight different experts, ranging from the Catholic Archbishop Eyre to the present-day Presbyterian Minister of the Cathedral, Dr. McAdam Muir, all edited by Mr. George Eyre-Todd, who contributes the first four chapters himself, while Mr. David Small, Mr. Herbert Railton, and others have contributed a series of beautiful illustrations, to say nothing of a series of fine photogravures. Mr. E. J. Muir, who writes about the monuments, cites some strange epitaphs. Thus, Peter Lowe, the first President of the Glasgow Faculty of Physicians, who died in 1612, is immortalised in the epitaph—

Stay, passenger, and view this stone,
For underneath it lies such a one,
Who cured many while he lived,
So gracious he no man grieved;
Yes, when his physick's force oft failed,
His pleasant purpose then prevailed,
For of his God he got the grace
To live in mirth and die in peace.
Heaven lies his soul, his corps this stone.
Sigh, passenger, and soo be gone!
Ah me! I gravell am and dust,
And to the grave deshend I most.
O painted piece of living clay,
Man be not proud of thy short day.

Glasgow may well be proud of its beautiful Cathedral, and of its ability to produce such a handsome book as this. Messrs. Morison, its publishers, have issued only a thousand copies.

MOORISH DECORATION AND TWO-STOREYED HOUSES IN WEST AFRICA.

It has become so habitual to refer to an African's dwelling as a hut, and to imagine that it is built of mud, with a hole for the entrance of the owner and exit of the smoke, or else framed of bamboo-grass or

The roof is nearly always formed of a framework of bamboos or palm branches, and thatched carefully, sometimes with the leaves of the former, but more often with those of the latter. Four such rooms are built, and form a courtyard four to six yards square. Generally one corner is left open, while the others are blocked with a wall, and in this there is either a door with lock and key, or a mere hurdle capable of being tied up to posts at night. Many of the houses, however, have an exit at two opposite corners, and in some the sides of adjacent rooms do not approach to within a yard of each other, thus leaving a space into which is sometimes built a kind of cupboard for odds and ends.

In the commoner kinds of house all the rooms are wide open on the side facing the courtyard, but they look neat and clean owing to being painted with a red wash formed from the clay; their floors and the front edges of their walls, as well as the couple of steps ascending to them, being thus treated. An improvement in style is effected by partly enclosing the front of the room on each side with a wall, which is then painted red, and again by entirely shutting it in and leaving only a doorway, either with or without a door. If with a door, often the upper level of step is extended, and from it rise several pillars in graceful spirals, which support the overhanging roof. The next grade of taste is reached when the proprietor is of sufficient wealth and importance to have the wall (always that facing the courtyard) decorated with Moorish-looking relievostucco work, and then, with the columns, white-washed; the effect is very good. Two open rooms on opposite sides and two closed rooms facing each other present the features of a brick-red base of steps, with white walls and columns with little arches rising above, while all



HOUSE IN MAMPON, DENKERA, GOLD COAST PROTECTORATE.

Showing three sides and Moorish decoration. An old woman is pounding "fufu"; near her are some fowls. The hurdle-gate is lying near one entrance; in the furthest room a native lies asleep, wrapped in his cloth; in the foreground is a pot boiling, supported by three red-clay props. *Sketched by H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott.*

round is the neat thatch, overhanging in long pieces so as almost to hide the upper parts of the white stucco.

The most important houses, however, are two storeys in height. In these wooden planks are laid down for the upper floor, and stout but often roughly lopped branches of trees (other than bamboo and palm)

leaves, that no notice has ever been taken in West African literature, and certainly not by journalistic "war correspondents" recording "tropical snake-stories" at a season when serpents are hibernating, of the really decent and picturesque abodes which I shall here describe and that I saw in places so far south of Arabic and Moorish countries.

In the Denkera, Tufel, and Ashanti districts to the north-west of Cape Coast Castle the ordinary house is not round, but square, and reminds one both in colouring and form of a small Pompeian courtyard with the rooms abutting on it. It is built of "swish." Now this material is a preparation of mud, carefully stamped out with the naked feet, and mixed with water, and then strained till it is of a clay-like consistency. When ready for use it is laid in masses along the foundation lines, and the wall rises lump after lump. At length a native has to stand on the wall while another below tosses up to him the balls of clay that are immediately deposited on the top wherever they will fit in. It is amusing to watch the monkey-like action with which this throw-and-catch process is carried out, and to listen to the perpetual chattering or sing-song without which it would seem impossible for them to be able to work. Thus the house grows. But its corners are strengthened by strong stakes, and along the tops of the walls, attached at each end to these, are also straight-cut branches or stout bamboos. The framework for the roof is then added, if the house is to be of only one floor. One of my illustrations shows three sides of such a house, and I made my sketch from under the shelter of the fourth side; it was drawn in Mampon, about thirty-seven and a-half miles from Cape Coast Castle.



TWO-STOREYED HOUSE AT ABABARU, TUFEL, GOLD COAST PROTECTORATE.

Showing two sides. Within the entrance, in that which has Moorish decoration, another door leads to the lower rooms; but to the left, hidden by the facing wall, is a staircase mounting to the door of the second floor; within this again is a ladder to the attic, which is unused. *Sketched by H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott.*

are used in the framework both of the house and its roof. The staircase is outside the rooms, but still under cover, and faced with a wall and pillars with arches supporting the far-overhanging roof. Both this wall and that in the shade on the inside of the staircase are decorated with strange Moorish designs and then whitewashed, except the lower part of the pillars or buttresses and the sort of step or seat that as usual runs round the yard; these latter are all painted a deep brick or terra-cotta.

A curious habit of the natives of the Ashanti, Denkira, and Tufel districts, as also in other parts, is that of burying a man who has died in his own house in the very room where he has been ill. I slept for more than a week in a ground room of a two-storeyed house, whose floor, about six feet by twenty, was the bare earth, and was not redwashed; at the other end of it there were the marks of a grave. I was told by my natives, who always avoided it, that a man had died of small-pox, and been buried there, about four to six weeks previously, and probably lay at that moment only two or three feet below the surface. I am not afraid of small-pox, though the natives when they get it suffer terribly; so I continued to sleep at ease on my blanket midst the loose framework of a wooden bed, on which possibly, with the addition of a mattress, the poor chap had breathed his last. I should, perhaps, qualify the above

THE MALAY NEW OPERA.

An imitative people, blessed with a taste for the drama and embarrassed by ambitions to do things in Western style, could hardly remain content with their own dramatic institutions after seeing the performances given by English travelling companies in the theatre at Penang. Hence the New Malay Opera, or *Bang sawan*; this is a "portmanteau word," implying a very high degree of superiority in its application to things theatrical, but, in the narrower sense, merely "well-born" or "respectable." The *mayong*, or indigenous Malay play, is a plotless dialogue conducted by four characters—a prince, princess, buffoon, and nurse; the stage is merely a mat-covered space absolutely devoid of scenery, everything of that sort being left to the imagination of the audience, who pack themselves round to applaud the witticisms of the buffoon, who generally has a perfect genius for fun, repartee, and local allusion. Since the introduction of the New Opera, however, the *mayong* has disappeared into the remote jungle villages, the mat-covered arena giving place to a real theatre with seated auditorium, raised stage, scenery, flies, and footlights. The buffoon with his immense false nose, and the prince



A SCENE IN THE MALAY NEW OPERA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM.

statement that I reposed at ease, by saying that the advantage was purely mental; for the cross-laths of that bed had a nasty habit of giving way in turns, until by the morning I found myself with some extremity of my body deposited upon the floor.

Many of the open rooms in which I slept swarmed with huge spiders. At night these ran about the walls and thatched roof with a rustling noise like mice or rats. In the daytime I found them spread over their eggs in a silken case the size of a shilling.

The King's house at Kumassi—so I was told by Lieutenant Pritchard, R.E., who was the first to enter it in the last Ashanti expedition—consisted of three houses, two of them three storeys high, and decorated in the same Moorish way that I have described. Indeed, one man affirmed that it possessed several passages and staircases and was a small labyrinth to a novice. It is strange that this form of house and its decoration is not to be seen in Cape Coast Castle, and the best examples that I saw were fully forty to sixty miles inland. From accounts of the countries to the east of the Gold Coast, it would seem that there are none like them, and it is probable that their architecture must have been influenced by the Mohammedan races who have come gradually from the North to those parts, in that nomad and revolutionary manner which is so noticeable in the history of the tribes and countries of Africa.

H. P. FITZGERALD-MARRIOTT.

and princess with their loads of native jewellery, have gone, and the *jeunesse dorée* of Malaya in English dress applauds a burlesque of burlesque whose humours are as undeniable as unintentional. The dialogue is Malay, and the songs are Malay rhymes fitted to the latest popular English airs. "Linger Longer Loo" was the last successful novelty, popular airs taking time to cross the globe. It is a point of honour among *Bang sawan* players that there shall be no Malay music, and, though the English score suffers from native rendering, the tunes are always recognisable. The humours of the performance, invisible save to the European eye, are chiefly discoverable in the "business." The Malay operatic hero is great in Western stage gesture, but has not quite mastered the art; he "taps his breast" like a cabman warning himself on a cold night; when he ought to tear his hair, he clutches his head with both hands and appears resolved to shake it off or perish in the attempt, and he folds his arms with an elaboration beyond words to describe. One thing the New Opera has done for the Malays: it has given them an opportunity of displaying the extraordinary ingenuity they possess in designing dresses. They outshine the Burmese in their love of bright colour, and the fertility of resource they display in varying costumes for stage purposes is marvellous. What is more, they betray distinct feeling for harmonious effect both in individual dresses and in blending groups.

MORE PLAYS IN THE OPEN AIR.

"THE GREEN ENCHANTRESS."

It was indeed a delightful idea of Mr. Ellis Griffith, the popular M.P. for Anglesey, and his charming and gifted wife, known to fame in the singing world as Miss Mary Owen, to bring the spirit of fairy enchantment and old-world romance over the lilies and bushes of their pretty

garden in the Avenue Road, Regent's Park, and give their two hundred guests the opportunity of wandering from the prosaic present into that fascinating period Once upon a Time. To this end they sought the aid of that clever young writer of fairy-tales, Miss Evelyn Sharp, and that vivacious actress, Miss Adrienne Dairolles (Mrs. W. J. Fisher). And these two, assisted by Mrs. H. W. Massingham and other amateurs of distinction, provided an ideal entertainment. Miss Evelyn Sharp had written a fairy-play in one act, called "The Green Enchantress," and to the presentation

THE PROGRAMME OF "THE
GREEN ENCHANTRESS."

of this play on Mrs. Ellis Griffith's beautiful lawn Miss Adrienne Dairolles brought all her artistic experience, taste, and resource, backed up by a capable staff of gardeners, in place of scene-shifters and stage-carpenters. For not the least charm of the idea was the presentation of a fairy-play amid natural open-air scenery. Miss Sharp had designed the action of her fanciful story to pass in the King's Garden in the Forest, and certainly Mrs. Griffith's gardeners transformed that portion of the lawn set apart for the play into a garden fit for a king, and, moreover, a garden where any enchantment might reasonably take place. It seemed, therefore, not at all unnatural that when the young King, who ignored affairs of state, thought all girls alike, and gave up his life to the chase, lay down on a bench to sleep before going a-hunting, the beautiful Green Enchantress, who lived among the wild beasts in the forest, should come to bewilder the King, and try to transform him into a wild boar, so that he should learn what the beasts must suffer when they are hunted. But the illusion of enchantment seems to need fine weather and sunshine, and when the rain came down in torrents, and dripping umbrellas partially obscured the view, imagination became a serious effort. Nevertheless, the Green Enchantress was not dismayed by the untoward elements, and she duly fell in love with the King, and wondered why she could not change him into a wild boar, until her Fairy Godmother explained the mystery to her; and then she wanted to become an ordinary person, so that she might be able to go to the King's ball and love him and be loved by him. And then she became transformed into a kitchen-maid, who stuffed the King's ducks with rosemary instead of sage, so that, after all, she bewitched the King, and he made her his Queen. And all this happened amid a persistent shower of rain, which, however, proved powerless to daunt the spirits of the actors.

BEN JONSON'S "SAD SHEPHERD."

A triumph for the advocates of the alliance of Church and Stage may be considered to have been won when on Saturday evening the quadrangle of Fulham Palace was converted into an open-air theatre. Mr. Headlam, a stalwart supporter of 'such an alliance, was present, and was naturally jubilant at such a state of affairs. Dr. Creighton's predecessor as Bishop of London, now the Archbishop of Canterbury, had declared that patronage of the stage was only a little less wicked than the use of alcohol, and here was the present Bishop lending his delightful grounds and this pleasant quadrangle for a dramatic entertainment, in which there was not only a play, but a dance as well, and which, in another respect, went one better than the old Elizabethan drama in its original form. Then, as my readers know, a boy acted the women's parts; here at Fulham Palace some of the boys' parts were acted by girls.

To me the performance was one of the most entrancing that I have ever witnessed. The play, Ben Jonson's "The Sad Shepherd," has never been acted before, and was left unfinished at the great dramatist's death. The scene is laid in Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood is the hero, Maid Marian the heroine. A witch presents herself to Robin in the guise of Maid Marian, and boundless confusion ensues. There is a witch-hunt, which proves very exciting, the numerous entrances to the Bishop's Palace serving for admirable stage effects, for, I may add, as became Ben Jonson's own day and as became a performance by the Elizabethan Stage Society, no attention whatever was given to scenery: a simple tree-trunk, indeed, being the only stage appurtenance.

As I have said, there is an exciting witch-hunt, Robin Hood's followers being angry at the spells that the witch has put upon their leader's lady-love. The old witch is finally run to earth and killed in the form of a hare. Then the necessary explanations ensue. Maid Marian and her Robin are reconciled, and there is a delightful Morris-dance, in which the hobby-horse is not forgotten.

Mr. Paget Bowman and Miss Marian Morris played Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Mr. M. Sherbrooke was the witch, and Miss Alice Arden looked charming as Lionel. It was the first performance I have ever seen by the Elizabethan Stage Society, and it has made me an advocate of the abolition of stage scenery. The music, I may add, was under the charge of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. The dresses were delightful, the acting perfect, and all one's attention was concentrated on the actors. One felt oneself in the Forest of Sherwood in a way no amount of stage manipulation in an ordinary theatre could have made possible. This performance completes the third year of the Elizabethan Stage Society's revivals—revivals which have included "Twelfth Night," the "Comedy of Errors," Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Arden of Feversham," Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Coxcomb," and Rowley's "Spanish Gipsy."

The Society, in a circular, defends itself in that it does not employ boys for the girls' parts, as Elizabethan tradition demands, but it urges that "neither the schoolmaster nor the choirmaster of to-day will give the necessary permission." "The boy who in Shakspeare's time acted Desdemona," it adds, "wore the farthingale; in appearance he was a girl."



"THE GREEN ENCHANTRESS," AS PLAYED IN A GARDEN AT REGENT'S PARK.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to note how history repeats itself. Once more we are getting back to the atmosphere of the time preceding the Crimean War. Once more the big, overbearing figure of Russia looms large through mists of uncertainty. Once more Russian agents and spies are active everywhere, once more are Slav populations everywhere set in unrest, and ambassadors are bullying in the old Menschikoff strain. Unfortunately, no Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has yet manifested himself. Trade disputes arise on the German frontier; Russian geese are not welcomed, and German leather suffers; a Russian General makes exciting speeches to the seditious Czechs; Galician peasants attack the Jews, and defy their own authorities; and in China a Russian Chargé d'Affaires seems to regard the country as his province. Finally, to make the parallel yet closer, there is discontent, not all native, in India, and there is an ecclesiastical quarrel brewing about the Christians in Jerusalem. When the German Emperor goes to Palestine and inaugurates the German Church at Jerusalem, the privileges which he will almost certainly receive from his good friend the Sultan (who is getting a little reminder of his duties from France and Russia just now) will afford a very good pretext for protests on the part of the Greek Church. And then—It is not worth fighting over; but so said people in 1853.

Meanwhile, the remarks of Mr. Goschen in the House of Commons are tolerably plain. Russia is building more ships, therefore we must build more, and better ones. Her cruisers are to go twenty-one knots, therefore ours must travel twenty-three. This, with the contingencies of Russian home manufacture, ought to suffice. Throughout, there is no hostility; merely recognition of the fact that we must be ready to meet a possible combination at any moment. But the moment is not yet. The Russian ships are not built, and there will be many millions of roubles to spend, and many hundreds of thousands to steal, before they are ready. The Siberian Railway is getting on, but its construction will see the century out.

Nevertheless, the present situation cannot last long. Everywhere—except, of course, in official France—is the same uneasy apprehension of what Russia is clearly doing and may be secretly working for. The hand of Russia seems to be in the disintegration of the Austrian Empire, in the troubles of India, in the breaking-up of China. All neighbouring nations feel that the Northern Colossus is preparing for a big effort, and not one feels safe from being the object of his kind attentions.

And the Chinese question looks to be coming to a head. If Russia claims to control the new Chinese Navy, neither England, nor Germany, nor Japan can consent to such an arrangement, nor allow the people at Peking to grant it. China would be a Russian province, Japan's ruin would be near at hand, and the German and British "spheres of influence" would soon lose all meaning and importance. Other matters may be yielded up; this is vital, and must be fought for, with or without allies.

But would France in that case fight for her ally with any gusto? She has got for herself a port and a "sphere of influence" in China—more than she is ever likely to want until her citizens give up thinking two children the proper limit for a family. Her naval advisers expect to be worsted in a conflict at sea with Great Britain, owing to the difficulty of uniting her fleets with the Russian squadrons; and, though they expect to damage our commerce seriously, this is a sort of warfare that does little good to the side that practises it, and brings rather less than none of the "glory" dear to every Frenchman. And, if France did not transfer the fight to the high seas and the Channel, Port Arthur might be a second Sebastopol, driving all the forces of the huge empire to a far frontier, and letting the life out of the enormous land, that, with all its millions, has not a man to spare.

This is supposing that Port Arthur would be defended as Sebastopol was defended, for a point of honour; and no one can doubt this. The Russian Government rests on prestige, and values it far more than even the average European Power. It is strange, for the Czar's Government could give up much before the masses of the Russian people even knew of the fact. But, by a curious paradox, the country in which newspapers have fewest readers is the country whose rulers seem most to fear journalistic opinion. And though France, with all her stormy patriots and papers, gives up Boussa, and England abandons Nikki, Russia seems to fear giving up anything, or allowing any rival to acquire anything.

It is this point of honour, this resolve to maintain the fight on the frontier, that has so often brought the Russian arms to disaster at the hands of foes skilful or lucky enough to wage war at a distance from the centres of Russian power. Napoleon was skilful; the Crimean allies were lucky. Invasion of so huge a country, with no vital points, is ruin. But if the big, threatening, overbearing Power is drawn into a contest away in the Far East, or in Afghanistan, and its weary troops pitted against fresh and well-supplied enemies coming oversea, then, whether by the lightning stroke of Austerlitz, or by the slow agony of Sebastopol, the Colossus can be overthrown.

Meanwhile, the prudent course is to build ship for ship, and a bit over for luck, and to let the provocation come from the other side. And it is a comfort to see that this is substantially what is happening.—MARMITON.

THE CENTENARY OF THE NILE.

"Victory," said Nelson, when the gun-fire had ceased in Aboukir Bay and Napoleon's great fleet had been annihilated, "Victory is not a name strong enough for such a scene." History has confirmed this verdict upon the great Battle of the Nile, of which we celebrate the centenary this year. It ranks as one of the fifteen great decisive battles of the world, and is notable as having been fought at night—from sunset on Aug. 1, 1798, until sunrise. When day broke on Aug. 2 the French Admiral, Brueys, was dead, the French ships either destroyed or captured, and the Bay of Aboukir was ghastly with many corpses, for 5220 Frenchmen perished during that night's terrible fighting, and not less than 3000 were made prisoners.

What would have been the fate of the British Empire, of India, of Europe, had we had no Nelson, who can say? Napoleon Bonaparte had placed the European Powers under his heel, and was sighing, like Alexander, for fresh worlds to conquer. England almost alone remained unscathed by the great adventurer; all the attempts to invade Ireland had proved unsuccessful. For a time England was left in peace and Napoleon sailed with a great fleet from Toulon intent on subjugating Egypt. To keep his sailors and soldiers in fighting trim, Malta was attacked and taken, and thence he sailed, flushed with victory, to Alexandria. His great army was landed with ease, and then Admiral Brueys, one of the greatest sailors France has ever had, moored his ships in Aboukir Bay to watch events, while Napoleon carried on his campaign ashore. Worried by the home authorities, Nelson, notwithstanding, started in pursuit of the Frenchmen when he learnt that Malta had been surprised. For six weeks he carried on an unsuccessful search. During all these anxious weeks the great Admiral never gave up hope, but day after day gathered his captains on his flagship, the *Vanguard*, and discussed every possible eventuality and the best modes of attack. When at length the British fleet sighted the French ships anchored in strong line of battle, all was ready. Satisfied that nothing had been left unarranged that human mind could foresee, Nelson sat down to his first square meal for many days, in order to fortify his body for the coming strain. Nelson was essentially a man of great common sense as well as a great fighter. His dinner despatched, he rose to meet his lifelong enemy with the remark, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey." This time it was to be a peerage.

As the British squadron approached, the enemy opened fire on the van ships. There was no reply, no hesitation, no confusion. Each captain knew what was expected of him. The *Goliath*, a seventy-four-gun ship—a worthy namesake of which is now building at Chatham, a leviathan battleship of 12,950 tons displacement, which alone could sink any such fleet as was Nelson's pride—led the way, and immediately the air was rent with booming of guns and cries of battle. Nelson commanded on board the *Vanguard*, with six colours flying in various parts of his rigging, lest a shot should carry away one. Within twenty minutes, so splendidly were the British ships and guns handled, the issue of the fight was certain. But Nelson was intent on no indecisive action. Though, early in the evening, he had been wounded in the head—fatally it was at first feared—he did not stay his hand. Soon after nine the French flagship *Orient* caught fire and lit up the whole scene with a lurid flare. An hour later she blew up with a thunderous report which shook every ship in the bay, and for a time caused a truce while British sailors busied themselves in rescuing as many of the drowning crew as could be reached. When this task of mercy had been accomplished, once more the guns belched forth destruction. The French fleet was past praying for, and at daybreak Nelson, then only forty years of age, had achieved a victory as complete and glorious as any in the annals of the world, and had shattered all Bonaparte's hopes of Eastern conquest and blighted all his designs on India. Messengers bore the tidings of the overthrow of the French fleet to the Governor of Bombay, and in every Chancery in Europe the British exploit was hailed with enthusiasm. Honours were showered on the great Admiral by the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the King of Naples, and, when he was welcomed back by his countrymen, he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2000 a-year—a small enough reward, in all conscience, for so great an achievement. But the strangest honour that fell to Nelson was bestowed by Captain Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*, who was fortunate enough to pick up the mainmast of the French flagship *Orient* when it exploded. It was in this wise that he honoured his great chief—

Sir,—I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, that when you have finished your military career in this world you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,—BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Surely the grimmest offering ever made to a victorious leader!

If Nelson had never fought any other successful engagement, the destruction at one decisive blow of Bonaparte's fleet and his dreams of an Eastern Empire and the conquest of India, were sufficient cause for our honouring his memory. To the British Navy of to-day the first-class battleship *Nile*, now serving in the Mediterranean, is a reminder of this great fight of a hundred years ago.

To complete the story, it only remains to add that Nelson could not follow up his victory, and it was not until March 1801 that Abercromby landed a British force at Aboukir Bay, and at Alexandria won a signal victory, at the cost of his own life. General Hutchinson drove home the blow, and drove Bonaparte's forces back to Europe—such of them, at least, as remained alive. Thus ended Napoleon's dreams of conquest in the East.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF '98.

One had hardly thought of Blaenau Festiniog—"a city built in a quarry," Talhain or some other poet called it—as the scene of the yearly feast of all Wales. A last visit there had left me with an autumnal impression



PROGRAMME OF THE FESTIVAL.

of a street at one moment silent and empty, like an empty child's slate for colour, at the next filled with an immense multitude of quarrymen, who poured suddenly into it out of the mountain, in an irregular march, at the close of their work. But, now, all was different. It was an early summer morning, as fair and serene as ever slid over the mountain-tops. The slate was painted. The grey street was full of flags, and girl-choristers, in snow-white frocks, bearing flowers, and chattering in eager Welsh voices. Hidden in a neighbouring house, a harp was playing tunes for *Pennillion*. Further away, some young men were singing a chorus, sprightly and tuneful. The whole place was changed. The buoyant spirit of youth and of young ambitions was

everywhere, and the sun shone with radiance down through the clear mountain air upon it all.

It was true, every street ended in a crag, abrupt, formidable. But these giants, dark and intimidating in time of rain, were radiant too. "There is nothing like it," said, one of the Gaelic deputies standing there, a superb figure in his Highland garb, and looking up at them, "not in my country or in Ireland!" And so we agreed that the originality of the place lent a new charm to the accustomed celebrations, the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain, the strife of the Mastersingers, and the rest.

There is no doubt of the added effect given by Professor Herkomer's bardic robes to the Gorsedd, and to the functions that take place within the pavilion—the chairing of the Bard on the Chair Day, the crowning on another. How much the Gorsedd lost without them was seen when the fear of rain made the Bards leave their robes of state behind them. An unworthy economy—by which one saw this noble and august hierarchy reduced to the poor sables of our commonplace modern costume, beneath the proud gaze of the neighbouring prehistoric Titans. But the Arch-Druid, Hwfa Mon, in his white robe, *hosanau wen*, and white sandals, his green chaplet, his gold breastplate and torque, suggests nothing later than that vision of white Druids which a Roman reported from Mona in the second century. And though the mystic sword used in investing the bardic winner is not, I dare say, archaic, it goes with the rest, and fitly suggests the lawful terrors, as well as the honours, of the Muse.

Before these later Druids filed on to the stage of the Eisteddfod pavilion on the second day, one of them, walking in the street like any common creature, had introduced me to a young man, in whose pale features and sensitive eyes one had hardly suspected perhaps any strange powers. Afterwards, when the crescent was complete, and the long-sword was in evidence, and the Arch-Druid had three times cried aloud to the multitude, "A oes heddwch?" (Is there peace?), and the winner of the prize-poem was declared—I trembled to see it was my new acquaintance who had been hailed out of the crowd and was being invested by the sword and crowned with the silver crown. English poets, after all, have no such moments of immediate fame as that. And it was, in this instance, only the fair and rightful tribute, for the poem,

as Elvet told me—and he was one of the judges—was really a poem, and not merely a poetical exercise.

And such moments, whether the verdict of the *Beirniaid*, or Adjudicators, affect one only or a whole choirful of competitors, happen fairly often in the four or five days of the Eisteddfod. They are accompanied, one must admit, by others when the much repetition of the same musical pieces, or the undue length of the polite oratory, have on hot afternoons been known to end in sleep; but the wonder is, on the whole, that in a feast extending over so many days the interest is so well and so variously kept up. At Blaenau Festiniog, I think, the lapses into tedium were fewer than ever; the vivid moments more frequent. Of these, some of the most memorable this year, to my fancy, occurred in the singing of that sweetest of old melodies, "Y Deryn Pur," by children's voices, and in the *Pennillion* singing to the harp on various occasions, and in the best passages of the dramatic music of poor Stephen of Tanymarian, as given by the Eisteddfod choir and orchestra. Stephen of Tanymarian is dead. The living Welsh musicians who came to do tribute to his memory I must not name. Nor may I single out the names and titles to fame of the many other personages, royal and famous, or unknown and newly discovered, that helped to give this Blaenau celebration its colour and effect. Else many columns would not suffice for the chronicle of their imposing exits and entrances.

Partly, it may be, because of its local colour and mountain setting, but largely too because of its enthusiasm, its mountain hospitalities, and its good-nature, the city of slates did better it is certain with its first national festival than other renowned places have done with a tenth. Late at night, passing to the train through streets still crowded, lit now with the naphtha-flares of the lingering street-hawkers, I heard from a demure house, threatened by an apparent slate-avalanche, a last



THE CROWD RETURNING FROM THE FESTIVAL.

Photo by G. C. Harrison.

strain of the harp. It was only some new beginner playing very slowly the national air, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("Old Land of My Fathers"), but it sent one away with a singular regret for the place and the festival one had seen among its precipices and slate-heaps. "How," said a benighted tourist, stumbling over the slates by the railway station and listening to the tuneful revelry of the town—"how did such music come out of such slates?"

ERNEST RHYS.

A CURIOUS STREET-CRY.

The cries heard in the streets of Paris must go. Certain petty dealers who use these cries disturb the matutinal slumbers of M. Blanc, so he is going to close their mouths. We shall hear no more, at least with the consent of the Chief of Police, "Du mouron, mouron pour les petits oiseaux," "A la crème, fromage à la crème," "Vi-tri-cr," "Poires cuites au four." Formerly the most poetic of cries were heard in Paris. Listen to the mercer's cry. It goes back to the fifteenth century—

J'ay soies rouges, indes et perses.
J'ay soies noires et soies fines,
Plus blanches que n'est fleur d'hermine.
J'ay beaux voiles surargentés,
A feuilles d'or parniz plantés.
J'ay les mignottes ceinturettes.
J'ay beaux gants à demoisellettes.
J'ay les guimpes ensuiffrénées.
J'ay les aiguilles chasnelées.
J'ay chaînettes et de for belles.
J'ay bonnes cordes à vieilles.
Et sonnettes et sonnettes. . . .



THE HIGH PRIEST HEARING THE COMPETITORS.

Photo by Alfred Freke.

THE THEATRES.

The reception of H. J. Byron's famous piece on its revival at Terry's last week showed that there are still many who can enjoy its simple humours and somewhat too obvious jests. Not a point fell flat, nor did a phrase of the buttermilk's fail to earn laughter. It may be that the old playgoer,

who has had already rather too much of the piece, is not quite fair to it, and does not observe the dramatic quality of the scheme, rather overlaid with artificial jokes, which presents the plebeian and patrician fathers in opposition for a while to the children whom they love. Certainly even the most hardened must feel somewhat touched during the last act of the play that has braved more than 1362 nights. One could not see "Our Boys" without a sigh for the loss of David James, to whose richly humorous acting as old Middlewick the piece owed its success. Mr. Thomas Thorne would have accomplished an amazing feat if he had caused us to forget poor James. The Belinda of Miss Mary Jocelyn was a capital piece of work, a little marred by a make-up needlessly



MISS SARGOOD ALEXANDER.

Photo by Chapman, Crouch End, N.

repulsive. I think it is about time that Belinda washed her face. Clever and charming performances were given by Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Lucie Milner, and there was some merit in the acting of Mr. Crosby in the part of young Champneys.

Miss Sargood Alexander, who made her début as a public singer the other day, is a daughter of Mr. John Alexander, the well-known printer. She has been educated by Miss Lucie Johnstone and Mr. Randegger. Miss Ingram Tucker, who also made her first appearance on the same occasion, was a pupil of Mr. Raimo, Miss Anna Williams, and Miss Johnstone.

Miss Janet Achurch is not only a clever actress, she is also a plucky one. Last week she visited Hastings, and offered the holiday-makers three performances of Ibsen's "Doll's House" and three of Bernard Shaw's "Candida." At the very best of times these plays claim the undivided attention of the visitor; you cannot come in late or stay smoking a cigarette after the curtain has risen and then pick up the thread of the story. You must be in when the curtain rises, stay till it falls, listen to every word, and follow the thoughts the dramatists hint at and do not develop. The strange, strenuous patrons of the Independent Theatre may have achieved so much; I can hardly imagine the visitors to Hastings doing the same. Nor are they without excuse if they reject the apostles of advanced thought in this very hot weather. You cannot concentrate your attention upon soulful problems in late July. The serious drama ill befits the seaside, where nobody is serious, and should have a close season. At the same time the undertaking shows that Miss Achurch is a very conscientious artist, prepared to spread the higher cult even among the Philistines, whose thoughts lightly turn to nigger minstrels and wonderful local bands.

Miss Eva Taylor is a clever solo æolist who went on tour last year with Antoinette Sterling. Born at Bacup, Lancashire, in 1884, she made her first public appearance at Blackpool on the Victoria Pier in 1897, before an audience of some three thousand people. Since then she has been in great demand at some of the principal concerts in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Her repertoire is of the highest class.

The success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in Paris has led to a street receiving the name of M. Edmond Rostand's big-nosed Gascon hero. At any rate, one of two new streets in Paris near the Butte Montmartre has just been dubbed Rue Cyrano de Bergerac.

With the completion of a new line of railway connecting Dinant and the Meuse Valley with Rochefort and the main line to Luxemburg, the Great Eastern Railway Company are now enabled to issue, *via* Harwich-Antwerp, cheap circular tickets, including Brussels, Namur, Dinant, and the Meuse, and thence up the Lesse Valley, by the new railway to Rochefort, for the Grottoes of Han, &c. This tour covers some of the finest scenery in the Belgian Ardennes. The cost of the circular ticket from London and back is 65s. (first class) and 43s. 9d. (second class), available for thirty days. For the convenience of passengers travelling through to Spa *via* Harwich-Antwerp, the Great Eastern Railway have arranged for a through carriage from Antwerp to Verviers, and passengers for Spa travel in this carriage, changing at Pepinster.

RACING NOTES.

Much sympathy has been expressed with the Prince of Wales over his sad accident; but I, for one, do not think the knee will be permanently injured, and, although his Royal Highness may not be able to ride his bicycle again, I should say that he will not be debarred from taking horse exercise. I fractured limbs when I was a young man, but nothing gave me so much trouble as grazed ribs, the result of a young horse falling on me. I remember breaking a collar-bone while following the Blackmore Vale Hounds thirty years back, and I was following the same hounds three weeks later with only one hand free. I should add, such liberties could only be taken by young men in good training. It would not do for men over fifty to return to the saddle so soon after an accident, although John Osborne some few years back broke his leg, and was cured again under two months.

Several times each day we hear at race-meetings, "Such and such a horse would win in a trot if he would only try." There can be no doubt that there are a lot of rogues in training; but why? I think one of the reasons is because many of the trainers have too many horses under their charge, and some of the animals are left to the tender mercies of stable-lads, who do not treat them kindly. Another reason is, that some of the horses are run in races and are not persevered with to win, the consequence being that, when they are wanted to go, they cut it. I must say that I for one am glad to hear occasionally of well-planned coups having come undone through horses running unkindly, as I think many thoroughbreds could, by proper treatment, be made to go straight; that is, if they were always allowed to try their best and were not worried on the training grounds.

One or two Clerks of Courses have a habit of placing the most important race near to or at the end of the card. This is a short-sighted policy, to say the least, especially if, as in a recent instance, it happens on the concluding day of a meeting. A good number of the visitors to a racecourse come long distances, and they naturally want to see the chief event run for. This they cannot do if they are to catch their trains, and it would pay Clerks to study their patrons in this matter. The unanswerable argument in its favour is that it would cost managements nothing. More; they—that is, the managements—would be the gainers, as they would get more long-distance visitors.

I happened, when running across a well-known trainer the other day, to mention the changes that have been made in one or two stables this year, and asked him if members of his profession had no safeguard against such contingencies. He admitted that trainers would undoubtedly have anxious feelings when hearing of such changes, but thought they were too rare to make hard-and-fast agreements the rule. I think, however, that something of the sort is bound to come if owners continue to take their horses away from one man and put them under another's charge at almost a moment's notice.

Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, a well-known sporting writer over the signature "Rapiër" in the *Badminton Magazine*, has just published what will rank as a standard work on racing. "The Turf" deals in a thoroughly exhaustive fashion with its subject. The opening chapter treats of the origin and development of horse-racing, which Mr. Watson thinks a very dull topic. Granting that, he has done well to make that branch of his subject so readable and interesting. The chapter on Famous Horses, too, is one that many an old stager will linger over, bringing as it does so vividly before the mind names that are apt to be forgotten in these whirlwind days. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen are the publishers.

CAPTAIN COE.



MISS EVA TAYLOR.

Photo by Eccles, Iluy.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, August 3, 8.43; Thursday, 8.41; Friday, 8.39; Saturday, 8.38; Sunday, 8.36; Monday, 8.35; Tuesday, 8.33.

Depend upon it, my gentle readers, envy, jealousy, and spite form the groundwork of half the ills to which cycling flesh is heir, and in eight cases out of ten the offenders belong to the milder sex. I am spending a few weeks in a breezy little seaside town, famous for the picturesque scenery which surrounds it and the pretty cyclists who dwell in it, and I cannot help realising the truth of the famous adage about "ambitious feminine." Mrs. Jones, say, the doctor's wife, rides to Bobtown and back in an afternoon, a distance of twenty miles or so. The Brownes hear of this feat of prowess, and, next day, they promptly lower the record by covering fully thirty miles. Thrilling with indignation at the thought that everybody is talking about "those Brownes" (sniff), Mrs. Robertson and her daughters set out early in the following week and ride to Sharpville, which is over fifty miles distant from the coast, on the first day, and all the way back on the next day. They arrive home dusty and dishevelled, green with exhaustion, stiff and sore, and immediately take to their beds. Jones, called in to attend them, declares, after a prolonged diagnosis, that their indisposition is the result of fatigue brought on by over-exertion, while the Brownes, giggling in their sleeves, declare openly to their female friends that "it was all the fault of that priggish Mrs. Jones herself," insinuating at the same time that she,



THE EXTREMES OF TANDEMS.
Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

Mrs. Jones, intentionally egged on the Robertsons to take their long ride "in order to extend her husband's practice." Such is life in this breezy village, and, of course, the bicycle is held to be directly to blame for the Jones's meanness, the Brownes' snappishness, and the Robertsons' rashness.

On all sides the self-sealing tyre is being very highly spoken of. I have long wondered why this tyre is not more generally adopted, and have come to the conclusion that it is insufficiently advertised. Certainly it is slightly heavier and a little more expensive than the ordinary pneumatic tyre, but its advantages so largely outweigh these trifling drawbacks that no practical cyclist would refrain from adopting it on account of its weight and its price. Of course, its sides are vulnerable, but then, how often is a tyre punctured at the side? The self-sealer cannot, I believe, be fitted to the narrow wooden rims of American cycles, but I would strongly advise all who contemplate going on tour on machines to which the self-sealer is adapted, not to start until they have substituted for their puncturable tyres either self-sealers or some other sort of tyre that practically cannot be punctured.

Gaily coloured bicycles are still acquiring popularity in several of the Midland counties, and, though they are foppish-looking machines for men to ride, they have this in their favour, that they are immediately recognisable, and therefore less apt to get mislaid in railway-trains, cloak-rooms, and other places where wheels do congregate. Certainly a well-dressed, pretty woman, skilfully steering a machine of a becoming colour, is seen to considerable advantage; but the sight of a man mounted on a tinted bicycle has a jarring effect upon the artistic temperament, and one feels much the same as at the sight of the

mere male who comes out hunting in varnished top-boots and riding a horse with a painted forehead-band.

Here is something like a railway. The North-Eastern Railway Company began on Monday to issue weekly and fortnightly tickets which will enable cyclists to stable their bicycles at the following stations: Newcastle, Sunderland, Tynemouth, Alnmouth, Barnard Castle, York, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, and Hull. Holders of these tickets may take out their machines and return them to the storage-room as often as required. A room fitted with cycle-holders will be set apart for this purpose at each of the stations included in the scheme. The charge will be a shilling per ticket for a week, eighteenpence per ticket for a fortnight. The object of the arrangement is to provide accommodation at the station for the storage of the cycles of visitors staying in apartments in the watering-places or large towns, where the accommodation for cyclists is necessarily limited. Further particulars can be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, York, or from the station-master at any of the stations affected.

A Bicycle Gymkhana is to be held in the Beechgrove Grounds, Moffat, on Tuesday and Wednesday, under the patronage of Lord Rollo and Dunning, and others. The honorary secretaries are Mr. Anderson, Hillside, and Mr. Smith, of the British Linen Bank, Moffat. Colonel Younger, R.A., will act as judge on the occasion.

The National Cyclists' Union has obtained as a recruit no less a personage than the Lord Mayor of Leeds. Not that his lordship rides a bicycle—I am informed that he does not—but he has joined the Union in the interest of law and order, and for the suppression of scorching. The scorcher has much to answer for in curtailing the privileges of cyclists. His rampant riding and careless indifference for the comfort and safety of others often cause the innocent to suffer as well as himself. As an instance of this, I see that, by reason of the behaviour of certain riders, Sefton Park, Liverpool, has been closed to cyclists after 5 p.m.

The Burgh authorities of Rothesay are still more exacting in their requirements, and, in the interest of the pedestrian public, have issued an edict forbidding any cyclist to ride on the esplanade of that popular Clyde resort at a pace exceeding five miles an hour. This is carrying matters to an extreme limit, and the solemn procession of wheelmen and wheelwomen at this sober pace would be rather suggestive of a funeral. I am sure all readers of *The Sketch* will cordially endorse Judge Emden's remarks at the Maidstone County Court, when he said, "I am a bicyclist myself, but it is most unfortunate that there should be so much selfishness displayed by a large class of cyclists, who bring a delightful pastime into disrepute."

Though few people now object to ladies cycling, yet the majority of us have still a prejudice against their donning "rational" costume. I heard recently of a young man who told his sister she might cycle as much as she pleased, but he drew the line at Bloomers. "However," he added, "my time will come; they will be useful on the fifth of November!"

This is, perhaps, the smallest tandem in the world, but the riders (Doris and Bert Cooke) ride in the busiest parts of Portsmouth unattended. They can ride one mile in five minutes. The machine with the four riders has recently broken the record between Chichester and Portsmouth.

The horrible immodesty of the "rational" costume has been agitating the mind of the Rev. J. W. Nixon, the Vicar of Robert Town. In his parish magazine he has been fulminating against the unwomanliness of the women who don Bloomers. Evidently to his mind the social life of England is doomed. "If women are determined to be men," he writes, "let them dress as men, and go without husbands." He regards "rationals" as unquestionably the most suitable dress for the female cyclist; but his argument is, that women ought not to cycle, and so be tempted to outrage decency. He goes on to say, "Cycling is not a decent and fit thing for women at all, neither for girls nor old maids nor matrons, and if this ground had been taken first by Christian England, we should not be confronted, as we are now, with the knickerbocker question and its attendant vulgarities." But he can only weep over the degeneracy of society, he cannot reform it. Ladies are not likely to exchange their bicycles for spinning-wheels, though the Vicar of Robert Town may bid them stay at home and attend to their household duties. He will sound his warning to no purpose, for cycling is too healthful a pursuit to be killed by the blast of his trumpet.

Another cycling christening is reported. The infant daughter of a German nobleman was given a bicycle. It does not appear that the noble infant had developed sufficient precocity to ride her own machine to her christening; but the nurse, carrying the baby, rode to church on a tandem propelled by a man-servant, while a party of over eighty people followed on wheels.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

The idea of actors and musicians playing golf tickled many of their admirers a few years ago. They have since shown themselves to be adepts in the game. It was evident from their play on the Tooting Bee Club's course at Furzedown last week that the life of the stage and the concert-hall does not mar the eye nor weaken the wrist. Long drives and neat approaches distinguished much of the play, and the players showed such a genial, merry humour that a game with them was particularly delightful. The musicians one day played against the actors, and against the Parliamentary journalists on another. In both competitions they were victors. Mr. Rutland Barrington, who was in great form, and Mr. Norman Salmon were the most successful on the actors' side, while in the first match Mr. Dalgety Henderson did particularly well for the musicians. In the singles the latter won by 2 holes, but in the foursomes the actors had ample revenge by scoring 13 up. The journalists, however, were no match for the musicians. In the Gallery team there were indifferent players, whereas the musical men were almost all in good form. Perhaps the late hours at the end of the Session had handicapped the journalists too severely. They were beaten in the singles by 31 holes to 11, and in the foursomes by 10 to 1. Points were scored for the journalists by Mr. A. J. Robertson, captain of the team, who beat Mr. James McHardy by 4; Mr. J. S. Robb, who beat Mr. Donald McHardy by 2; Mr. J. Bell, who beat Mr. George A. Bell by 4; and Mr. W. Jeans, who beat Mr. Watkin Mills by 1. For the musicians, the winners were Mr. J. M. Capel, Mr. Henderson, Mr. C. A. Lidgely, and Mr. R. Harris.



Dalgety Henderson, Rutland Barrington.

MUSICIANS AND ACTORS AS GOLFERS.

Photo by Kingsley, Wandsworth Common.

SCULLING.

The first World's Championship single-scutt boat-race to be rowed on the continent of America took place on the waters of Burrard Inlet, in front of the twelve-year town of Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on July 4. The contestants were Jacob G. Gaudaur, the Champion, who won his title from James Stanbury, of Australia,

and Robert N. Johnston. Gaudaur has been before the public for the last twenty years as an oarsman, and holds the world's record of 19 min. 1 sec. as the fastest time over a three-mile, straight-away course. Johnston was an amateur two years ago, but he developed great speed and succeeded in vanquishing almost every man that he met. Then it was thought that he might have a chance for the Championship. He challenged Gaudaur, and the city of Vancouver subscribed the purse of 2500 dollars for the race, the condition, so far as the Corporation was

concerned, being that the match should be a part of the celebrations of Dominion Day, July 1, which marks the confederation of the Canadian Provinces. Gaudaur accepted the challenge of Johnston, who is a man of twenty-seven years of age. It is estimated that some 30,000 people witnessed the race. Soon after the start Johnston struck some floating timber and began to fill. Gaudaur went over the course of three miles, with a turn, and finished in 23 minutes flat. Later in the evening Gaudaur offered to row the race again, and waived all his rights to the purse of 2500 dollars. So another race was rowed on July 4 over almost the same course. Gaudaur won by four lengths in the fast time of 20 min. 20 sec., and finished as fresh as when he entered his shell.



ROBERT N. JOHNSTON, WHO WAS DEFEATED.



JACOB G. GAUDAUR, THE CHAMPION SCULLER.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

COWES AND CRUISES.

If London in Season, for all its deeply felt delights, were not so hot and close and overpoweringly wearisome, as in the later weeks it undoubtedly becomes, should we enjoy our subsequent contrasting

changes so keenly, I wonder? One may surely answer "No," for it is the variation of country sights and sounds, or the drowsy restfulness of summer days at sea, or even the cheerful note of foreign life at Spa or Bad, that brings the sweet taste of other things to the mouth after the quick-march of a ten weeks' Season. During the past ten days one of these satisfying soul feasts of restful do-nothingness has been mine, and I have also tasted the lazy happiness of a well-swung hammock in a garden where rose-hung arches and velvet lawns, hummed over by honey-bees or hornets—I ask not which—coax one into forgetfulness of the mundane chaffon. Sacrilege almost would it have seemed to forecast the inevitableness of autumn furbelows with the amber sunlight filtering down through dark-green branches overhead, and a silence so full of inarticulate sound that even the distant crow of an exuberant cock or the soft lowing of milk-laden kine across the meadows but emphasised in contentment this Lethe-laden atmosphere of mellow August. Doubtless a fat green caterpillar will occasionally drop down from overhead on one's

favourite page, or darting midges hungrily in earnest fasten on an openwork spun-silk ankle, if only to remind one that even a rose-embowered hammock has its limitations of perfect happiness. But such bitters are bearable to the cloyed survivor of balls and Season banquets. In fact, I am well persuaded that, were a rigid course of rusticity enforced on every spoiled sybarite for full four weeks as a necessary part of the autumn or the after-Season cure—such rusticity as would involve absence from champagne and debar dressing for dinner, be it understood—we should return to our muttons of civilised existence in a much more reasonable and grateful frame of mind and body than the present consistently self-indulgent code makes possible or probable. It is charming to play at Arcadia under any conditions, even such as include cigarettes and Curaçoa before the candlesticks. But, if we could be but persuaded into a milk diet and early hours for the interlude—though, of course, we never shall be—how much better a world we should find it after the holidays, and how incomparably our complexions would benefit to boot! A Utopian dream is this, however, for country without the luxurious complexities of century-end existence would, I fear, earn but a colourless character from Strephon and Chloe of the city, and, were ice not procurable or telegrams a difficulty, Nature might charm never so wisely, but she could not lull us into an oblivion of our absent *petits plaisirs*. I know a famous explorer who joined a friend's yachting party earlier in the Season. On the evening of their first day out, two accustomed items of his comfort were

found lamentably missing through a servant's mistake. Loud and strong were the great man's objurgations. "If I can face death with equanimity," he argued with our host, who was also fortunately his brother, "is that any reason that I should face a pleasure trip with cotton sheets and tinned butter?"—an argument which, indeed, summed up our whole creed of consistently pursued comfort nowadays to a nicety. We may rough it with vigour, as occasion requires, and stump after partridges in the clayey furrows of a morning, but that does not spoil our appreciation of plush-breeched servitors to hand them round at dinner. Talking of plush, but otherwise *apropos des bottes*, I am reminded of a faded piano-cover in that soft and suave material which I faithfully promised myself to experiment on with Maypole Soap one of these mornings. It shall be done forthwith. There are few more fascinating pastimes than that of spending some highly coloured half-hours with the magic Maypole Soap. Shawls, scarves, cushion-covers, table-cloths, and the endless other household flotsam, which, when faded and slightly worn, we have been wont to scornfully discard, may now, by favour of this revivifying Maypole Soap, be rebaptised into a vivid and prolonged existence. The colours it imparts neither wash out nor fade, while the process itself is simple and, above all, cleanly, not even staining one's hands in the act of transference. I look forward to quite a field-morning with my portière, therefore, if for no other reason than of effecting, with the expenditure of a few pence, comparatively what would have cost double the number of shillings before these wonderful home-dyes were invented, and which would probably be less well re-coloured into the bargain. Amongst our many improved conditions of comfort in modern life, Maypole Soap ranks, therefore, most deservedly high.

Those prophetic pronouncements as to what will be worn next autumn or next winter or next spring, to which many of the unknowing are so invariably prone, have before now been discovered to miss their mark as guides to futurity when the actual season discloses the actual arrival of its actual fashions. So the rôle of oracle to the dress of the future is one to which a wise woman will not willingly commit her infallible reputation. Nevertheless, it may not be unsafe to hazard a belief that flounces will go—are going out, in fact. There is already a disposition among the Seine-side authorities to dispense with frillings and flouncings at the edges of every skirt—a fashion which we have pursued to weariness on this side of the water. In some of the latest models we therefore find skirts cunningly cut all in one piece, though, by a skilful device of the modistes, they flow out at foot in a fashion which makes much for grace. Cashmeres, crêpes, and those other soft, clinging stuffs which drape naturally in graceful folds about the figure, will come forth in the autumn bill of supply very largely. For our present ideas lean to pliant and sinuous grace, hence the tightly moulded upper-skirt stretched plainly about the hips. Double-width materials which, while dispensing with many joins or seams, contrive that full folds will fall easily about the feet of the well-cut skirt, promise the maximum of graceful effect, and already new skirts are contrived to provide the upper tightness and the lower fullness without this *en forme* joined flounce of universal Season adoption.

When real lace first trimmed our satin corsets, there was a grandmotherly protest from the practical and prosaic amongst the sex, who decried such luxurious embellishments, on the grounds that corsets were not born to a public career, like the boa or bonnet of our more evidenced accessories. Since then our *lingerie* has pursued its way in ever-increasing daintiness, however, and the surviving worthy wearers of calico and everlasting trimming are few in the land. One further step in these alluring by-paths of extravagance has been made by some smart Parisiennes, who have introduced the fashion of flexible gold busks in lieu of the kid or linen-covered steel which has heretofore done its devoirs at Beauty's toilette. Cabochon jewels are employed in the hooks and loops, while the stay-hooks under which our silken skirts are wont to pass can be had in many charming designs and encrusted with jewels to match. Already the fashion has caught on immensely, and in



A TRAVELLING-DRESS.

CAPE OF IMPERIAL RUSSIAN SABLES,
SPECIALLY EXECUTED BY JAY.

A REGATTA-GOWN.

the trousseau of a September wedding I have seen one corset of pale-blue satin set with silver busks studded with turquoises, and another in pink brocade set off *à ravir* by similar accessories of gold and pink coral. Nor were the prices by any means disproportionately extravagant, while the articles in question were beyond all argument charming.

Corsets are, by the way, now invariably worn abroad when bathing. They are specially fashioned of alternate linen and indiarubber straps, and account for the dainty completeness we may note on all sides at Ostend, Trouville, or other favourite foreign sea-coasts.

From bathing-gowns to midwinter sables may seem an indefensible flight of speech and subject in this unsympathetic August weather; but the topic is only passing in evidence, since I am constrained to admiringly notice our artist's charming little sketch of the sable cape done by the International Fur Store Company, to which I drew the civilised world's attention in last week's issue. The sketch, which missed its destination in our pages for that issue, attempts to convey, as I have already hinted, a masterpiece in the gentle art of fur-making, and as such will be accordingly of interest to the owners of these costly possessions. Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the use and beauty of the circular cape goes on for ever, and the form here indicated is, moreover, a particularly becoming one.

Returning to more seasonable muttons of the moment, I have a cherished conviction that this beige-coloured travelling-dress, picked out with silk braid in a darker tone, and treated to folded silk fronts and waist-belt (which may be of white, or scarlet with black spots, alternately), will appeal to all that is best in discriminating woman. With it in seasonable companionship is a new model of the up-to-date yachting-dress, in that perennial and never-to-be-improved-upon material, blue serge. A lavish use of braid laid on in bands raises it, ornamentally speaking, over the heads of other aquatic outfits, as does the slit-up bodice, showing peeps of white pleated Pongee silk strapped across with cords and silver "hall-marked" buttons—a costume, in fact, which should excite the admiration and interest of all on board with it, including even sea-sick fellow voyagers, than which no tribute of acknowledgment could certainly go farther.

Meanwhile, apropos of yachting, we have all been highly enjoying the chequered climate but irrepressible good spirits which appertain so exclusively to Hibernia during the past week of Kingstown Regatta-making. Lord Cadogan, who in his capacity of Irish Lord-Lieutenant is habitually relaxing his mind in England, put in an appearance, and many more of light and leading in the yachting world favoured charming Kingstown Harbour with their presence as well. Many house-parties are also being made up in anticipation of the Horse Show, which occupies the last week in August, to the exclusion of all other events in the Emerald Isle. Three pretty sisters, who intend to figure at Balls Bridge and the subsequent Leopardstown Meeting this year, have ordered themselves three frocks of coarse white alpaca, trimmed with bias bands of white poplin, alternating with *entre-deux* of guipure over lettuce-green silk. The dresses are lined with pale-green taffetas. Straw hats of the same shade trimmed with Iceland poppies and white *moiré* carry out this scheme of cool colouring very completely too. As a rule, sisters who frock themselves *en suite* fail in the intended results, and have a painfully puzzling effect on remote acquaintances; but in a few instances, where each is pretty enough to defy contrasting criticism, these parterre effects in humanity are very pleasant to the discriminating eye as it appreciatively scans the rosebud garden of girls.

Linen dresses, because of our abnormally Arctic summer, have not been much in evidence this year; but one is always living in the land of Hope, so, in pursuance of that divine but illusive quality, which still follows the phantom of an old-fashioned autumn, a cheerfully minded modiste has made me a frock which, should the sun incline himself to our unaccustomed regards, may, later on, turn out a thing of use as well as beauty. It is of pale-blue linen, the skirt treated to a deep flounce, white-embroidered, as is the bodice. Turned-down collar and wide revers of Irish crochet enclose a front of daintily embroidered cambric, and a short bolero of charmingly embroidered moon-daisies on the blue linen matches the skirt ornamentation and renders me a real washing-frock of manifold attractions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILLCENT (Cheltenham).—If your cruise will last several months and in such little-known waters, you will require an extra outfit, of course, as everything may be present to your happiness except the French laundress. Therefore, I should certainly run the risk of taking an over-supply. Your best plan would be, perhaps, to write to the Cellular Clothing Company, at 417, Oxford Street, asking for a list of their wearables. You cannot have a more suitable or hygienic outfit than their various specialities in underwear provide.

FRANCESCA (Greystones, Wicklow).—Thanks for your kind expressions. Regarding your query, I think earrings are coming into fashion, and if you will write the Parisian Diamond Company, Burlington Arcade, they will show you their newest patterns. Miss Sarah Brooke probably wishes to set the fashion, and they certainly suit her very well.

F. L. (Woolwich).—If you cannot get up to town, Peter Robinson would send a fitter to measure you for the mourning-dresses.

Mrs. G. T. (Ceylon).—You have not given a *nom-de-guerre*, but this will, no doubt, reach your range of vision. I agree with you that Indian silver wants more attention than the home-made article, and am glad to be able to come to your rescue with a really excellent invention for all sorts of plate, as well as copper and brass, which is known as the "Globe" Plate Powder. Try it with your refractory Benares and Delhi work. I am sure you will have no cause to grumble afterwards. Globe Plate Powder is sold everywhere in 1s. and 2s. boxes. There is also a "Globe" Metal Polish and a "Globe" Furniture Polish. I have tested all three with much satisfaction.

SYBIL.

SPOONS AND FORKS.

The custom of collecting spoons of various dates and designs is one that greatly obtains with curiosity-hunters at present; and from cobwebby antiquarian to contriving hostess the spoon of authentic pedigree is equally interesting and covetable, in one case for its inherited history, and the other for its added ornamental "values" to the dinner-table. Old baptismal spoons are especially treasure-trove to the collector, and some relics of ornate Tudor times, which were lately unearthed in a Wiltshire village and sold in King Street, fetched the most unblushing, not to say extortionate, prices. It is curious to think that the only implement our forebears fed themselves with was the spoon—and as entertainers in these days were not required or supposed to provide their guests with such out-of-the-way luxuries, each man brought his own in his pocket. As soon would a lady or gentleman of quality think of travelling without a spoon-case in the days between Henry VIII. and James I. as we moderns would be likely, on railway journeys, to go without watches. All persons, then, received spoons from their godparents, more or less ornate, according to the means of these worthy folk, the most ordinary shape being the Apostle handle; but in old Catholic times various sacred objects and legends were commonly engraved thereon with great elaboration. When the early Victorian sponsor therefore enriched his godchild with orthodox spoon of no particular pattern, he probably seldom knew that it was the unnecessary survival of a forgotten custom which electro-plate and machine-made spoons had rendered obsolete years before.

It was a Somersetshire squire, one adventure-seeking Tom Coryate, who finally delivered England from being altogether spoon-fed, and gave it over to the enlightenment of forks. This was when James I. was King, and when few of his subjects moved out of their own country for pleasure, "the grand tour" being still unknown, and beyond Channel an undiscoverable land to most true-born Britons. Master Coryate, a *bon viveur* and lover of sights, did his devoirs of sightseeing with a thoroughness not always possible of repetition to ears polite. At Cremona he ate frogs, at Heidelberg drank wine from the great cask, at Venice saw for the first time women on the stage—here he also saw some less orthodox others whose high-heeled shoes (*chopines*) especially enthralled the receptive man from Somersetshire. But, of still life, the Italian fan, the Italian umbrella, and the Italian fork most pleased this travelled bucolic. Not for fifty years later did the parasol of his bewildered senses "come to town," under Jonas Hanway's introduction. But for laying forks on their tables did our ancestors stand undoubtedly indebted to Tom Coryate. At first the conservative British constitution waged fierce war on the heathenish innovation; topical fork-attacking songs were sung on the stage, sonorous denunciation was levelled from the pulpit; but the fork had actually come to stay *malgré tout*, and the better classes soon found that, though fingers were made before forks, the latter could prove a most valuable aide-de-camp to the former, and so three-pronged steel tridents gradually made themselves a necessity to the daintier section of society, though it was not until the merry days of Charles II. that they became understood of the middle classes. "A cut from the joint" was not possible, therefore, to a nation which had spooned its "gallimaufrys" and fingered its "gobbets" of meat for centuries.

Think of a dinner-party where the guests hungrily grabbed choice bits from the dishes in their immediate neighbourhood, and, having dipped their "gobbets" in sauce-boats which were mere commonwealths of gravy, then proceeded to get the dripping morsel "indoors" with the best grace they might. Truly there are compensations for not having dwelt in ye good old times. Silver forks were considered the last extreme of foppery in the seventeenth century, and, even early in our own good Queen's reign, black-handled, steel-pronged instruments were the only wear of lower and middle classes. In the days of Queen Anne, forks were treated variously to prongs, some being made with two, while many counted to six. Yellow handles had a vogue one year, green another, and so on, until every shade in the rainbow was reached. Many of these quaint relics are still preserved as heirlooms, and in one North Country mansion a set of pink-coral handled, pearl-inlaid forks are used on great occasions which tradition has it once graced Mistress Anne's own royal board. Now that electro-plate has spread itself over the land, Mayfair and Belgravia are harking back to something away and apart from even the cheapened sterling silver of widespread use, and fancy china-handled forks, stained ivory, and jade have been seen on many dinner-tables of the social elect during the Season.

Aluminium is being pressed into the service too, and it is not unlikely that the present plain fork of unornamental aspect will be shortly relegated to the lades of lodging-house or suburban abode, as out of tune with the artistic intentions of this highly ornate generation.

Few people are probably aware what an excellent barometer is afforded by a hive of bees. Even on the finest day they will not stir from home if rain is in prospect. Should you see them hurry in all of a sudden, even though there be not a cloud in the sky, you may be sure that there will be a great storm before long. If, on the other hand, you see them go about their business unconcernedly on the cloudiest day, you may stake what you like on the chance of the rain keeping off. If the winter is likely to be severe, they shut up the entrance to their hive with a thick wall of wax, leaving an opening only large enough to let them in and out one at a time. If the winter is to be mild, they put no wax against the entrance.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 10.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF 1898.

With the Stock Exchange, his wife, and his family at the seaside, on the Continent, or on the golf-links; with the "bulls" and "bears" all gone to Cowes; with the investing clients busily engaged in making the fortunes of landladies and railway porters—it seems as though a brief review of what has happened in the financial world during 1898 would be a more welcome subject than a discussion of the very few points of interest that are active at the present time. The Stock Exchange does not complain of its lassitude—it is only what it expects during the summer months—but September and October are generally accounted as the beginning of its "season," and a quiet reverie upon what has gone before may be of considerable use during the present interregnum in helping to form plans for the coming autumn campaign. Of course, there is hardly one out of the gallant three thousand-odd members of the House who would admit that 1898 had so far brought any trade worth speaking of in any department; but that is a plaint which may be confidently expected to last quite until the Millennium, at any rate. It has been a year of widely fluctuating prices in most sections, and this fact of itself would signalise the last seven months as a time of no common interest. The Bank Rate was 3 per cent. on Jan. 3, the first working-day of the Stock Exchange year, and it rose to 4. Between this and the present $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. there is not much margin, but, for all that, the Money Market has had its cold fits and its hot fits in rapid succession. The year opened with a fair augury as regards money, and Western Australia placed its Water Loan with as much success as last week's issue met with failure. Liverpool, however, was not so fortunate, a Municipal Loan being under-subscribed only a few days after the Colonial scrip was allotted. The Spanish-American War began in April, and was the signal for a wholly unexpected flow of gold to the Bank of England. The Greek Loan was floated in the following month, but its reception was a very poor one, although the underwriters got off better than their unfortunate brethren who were landed with nearly 80 per cent. of the Chinese issue in March.

THE CONSOL AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

The second recorded bargain in Consols this year was at 113, which is only $\frac{3}{4}$ below the highest price touched in 1898. The lowest price has been 109 $\frac{1}{4}$, while Bank of England stock has fluctuated between 363 and 341, the lower price having been touched during a fall of 10 points in a single day, when a large seller for cash could find no one who wanted the stock. A glance down the list of Corporation Loans reveals a lower price in nearly every case, some of the falls being out of all proportion to the dividends deducted from the quotations, and falls are marked in the Colonial Government securities with monotonous regularity. In the Foreign Market, Spanish, of course, claims first attention. The year was begun with the price at 59 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 60 $\frac{1}{8}$, *ex* dividend. Then came a gradual sagging, as the Americans begun to talk blustering humanitarianism with regard to Cuba. Towards the end of February, a terrific explosion in Havana Harbour sent the *Maine* to the mermaids, and for two months afterwards Spanish and American stocks both danced to whatever tune the divers engaged upon the wreck cared to pipe. Before the formal declaration of war, Spanish slumped one bright Saturday morning to 29 $\frac{1}{2}$; but at the actual outbreak of hostilities, the price recovered, and the latest decree, that only foreign-held bonds would receive the benefit of the coupon, was all that the "bears" needed as an excuse for a rapid flight to cover, which was further stimulated by the inevitable peace propositions. April saw the rise and fall of the infamous wheat corner, which brought famine in its train to the lower classes in Italy, and their discontent broke out into open riots. Italian Fives fell to 88 $\frac{3}{4}$. Argentine stocks have depended upon the gold premium for their comparatively trifling changes. The Funding Loan began the year at 89 $\frac{1}{2}$, and has since seen 84. Brazilian bonds gave way all round in March. The 1889 loan, from 61 on Jan. 3, fell to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$, but the publication of the funding scheme proved a rallying-point, the market, at an impromptu meeting, deciding that it was the best arrangement that could be made under the circumstances. Turkish bonds are now nearly at the best prices of the year, thanks to the indemnity the country received from Greece when Thessaly was at length grudgingly evacuated. Greek Monopoly bonds were opened this year at 34, and it would take but a slight rise to put them 10 points higher at the present time.

THE RAILWAY MARKET.

The temporary lull in the agitators' market after the settlement of the engineering strike last January was quickly followed by the fierce struggle between the Great Western Railway and its men, which has been raging since the beginning of April. The Railway Market, if badly off for strikes, has found itself the centre of attraction through the year, and from Americans the "bulls" passed to the passenger lines of the Home Railway Market. It was in February last that the rate-war between the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk lines broke out in full force, but consistent holders have no reason to regret their steadfastness. Canadas have risen from 84 $\frac{3}{4}$, Trunk Firsts from 57 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Trunk Seconds from 37 $\frac{1}{2}$, although the series of decreases exhibited lately by the latter line are sad arrangers to the hopes of those who have been building upon a full dividend for the First Preference at the end of the financial year. The Home Railway Market, as we have already mentioned, has had to face the Great Western strike, and the price of "Westerns," from 179 $\frac{1}{2}$, the highest point touched this year, ran down to nearly 163, a new capital

issue coming as almost a last straw to a gloomy market. The South-Eastern and Chatham agreement is too fresh in everybody's mind to need more than a passing notice, but Dover "A" is still under the price, 115 $\frac{1}{2}$, at which it stood at the year's commencement. Chatham Ordinary, however, improved from 19 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Second Preference has raced up from 88 to 30 points higher, this being the record rise of the year in Home Rails. Fears of working expenses have displaced North-Westerns from their initial price this year of 204 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Brighton "A" began the year at 182, from which, however, a dividend of 7 per cent. has since been deducted. The recent declarations of dividend by the Midland, North-, South-, and Great Eastern Railways have not helped to raise quotations to the level of those ruling last January, and the trend of Home Rails has been generally downward. Of new issues in this department, the only two of any importance have been those recently brought forward, the Brompton and Piccadilly for the first time, and the Great Northern and City for the third time of asking. Electric traction is to be experimented with on the two underground lines, whose patient travellers must be the most long-suffering on any system in the world, else surely Gower Street and Portland Road Stations had long ere this met the same fate as the Bastille, whose gloom and horror they not indistinctly resemble.

YANKEES.

The American Market demands a separate paragraph to itself. Starting in a cheerful humour, with the coming Klondyke boom to look forward to, the market was inclined to take a "bullish" view of things in general, and the idea of a war with Spain was mostly pooh-poohed. Matters assumed a much more serious complexion towards the end of February, when the *Maine* blew up, and a semi-panic was only averted for the simple reason that very few people on this side of the Atlantic had any shares over which to get excited, to such a minimum was the "bull" account reduced. Rumour is the very life and breath of the Yankee Market, and sharp fluctuations have taken place upon reports which have turned out to be mere inventions. The "one-mule boom" is a case in point, when American Rails rose all round upon a report of an American victory over the Spanish forces with great carnage, which last turned out to be the slaughter of one unprovocative mule belonging to Spain. The tendency, on the whole, has been upward, as will be seen from a few representative examples, the contrast being made between the prices of Jan. 3 this year and those of the last carry-over day, no account having been taken of dividends—

Railroad.	January 3.	July 26.	Rise or Fall.
Atchison	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	13 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ $\frac{1}{2}$
Central Pacific	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Milwaukee	97 $\frac{3}{4}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Illinois Central	107	111	+ 4
Lake Shore	176 $\frac{1}{2}$	192	+ 15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Louisville	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 4
Pennsylvania	59	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Norfolk and Western	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1
Northern Pacific	22	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Southern Pref.	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1
Wabash "B"	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

MISCELLANEOUS.

It has been a capital year for the Miscellaneous Market. The investor has forsaken Kaffirs, has grown tired of the respectable yield of gilt-edged stocks, has declined to put his hard-earned pence into the volatile Yankees. But give him a Home Industrial with a name he knows, and whether it be buttons, bacon, cotton, potted meat, beer or spirits, jewellery or ginger-beer, the money will be subscribed and the shares raised to a temporary premium. The Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange has outswollen all its previous bounds, and a large majority of the juvenile jobbers who started "on their own" last March made tracks for the variety entertainment which is spread out in the market of oil, of scones-and-butter, and Music-hall shares. The English Sewing-Cotton allotment letters came as tardy New Year's cards last January, and shortly afterwards the Crystal Palace was once more bulking largely in the public eye, as it set itself about getting reconstructed. Lyons' acquired their den in Throgmorton Street early in the spring, and the shares have risen this year from 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ to over 4. The event of the year in this market has been the advent of Lipton's, which took place early in March. The price was started at about $\frac{3}{4}$ premium, and was rushed up blindly before the prospectus was out. When it was found that most applicants had been allotted five shares, the excitement cooled down considerably, and was not greatly revived by the news that the company had secured a Government contract for supplying the troops on Salisbury Plain during the Autumn Manœuvres. The Cycle Market has been moribund, even Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy in June having had no effect upon it. Two of the largest combines this year are those of the Fine Cotton Spinners, whose capital is six millions sterling, and the amalgamation of Watney, Combe, and Reid, with a capital of nine millions sterling and power to raise another £6,000,000 debentures. The Welsbach Incandescent Company came at a time when the market was itching for a gamble, and the latter progress of its stocks has appropriately been the cause of considerable heart-burning among the "bulls."

THE MINING MARKETS.

Business in mines has been at a standstill, and many jobbers in the departments devoted thereto have betaken themselves to more lively parts of the House. The Chartered Company has regained Mr. Rhodes, but has lost the Duke of Fife, Lord Farquhar, and Mr. George Cawston from its Board, and the shares have fallen from 3 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was in February that the Kaffir Market was shaken to its deep-levels by the

news that President Kruger had dismissed Judge Kotze, a blow from which it had barely recovered when Mr. Woolf Joel fell by the assassin's hand in March. Thanks to the prompt action of the directors of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, small effects attended the murder, and the continuous rise in the output from the Rand has proved a real backbone to the market, to say nothing of the "bears." The amalgamation between the Gold Fields Deep and the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa Companies will probably be sanctioned in September. Dependent as the South African Market is upon Paris, it could hardly escape some slight *bouleversement* consequent upon the compulsory withdrawal of the *coulissiers* from the Paris Bourse, but the banished financiers quickly re-established themselves in Brussels. Turning from Kaffirs to Kangaroos, the most prominent feature of the year has been the mad gamble in Bottomley's shares, which culminated in a series of Stock Exchange disasters, from the effects of which the market is only just beginning to recover. Westralian Mines for the past three months have been almost a dead-letter, but the dividend-payers are largely in the hands of investors, and their chance of a profit is coming by-and-by. Among Miscellaneous Mines, Mount Lyells have proved a bitter disappointment to their mystified possessors, who are quite at sea to account for the fall in the price. Mysore Gold have hardly altered in price for seven months, and Nundydroogs were 4½ at the beginning of the year.

RHODESIA.

Our correspondent continues his review of Rhodesian mining in the following article, which reaches us from Bulawayo—

MINING COSTS IN RHODESIA.

It is one thing to say that a certain proportion of the gold reefs of Rhodesia are true fissure veins, and may ultimately yield good profits, and a very different thing to estimate the intrinsic value of Chartered at 47s. The profit-earning stage, except in a few favoured instances, is not likely to be reached by the mines at first. Indeed, I may say, without desiring to convey offence, that it will be all the better for the professional company promoter and reconstructor if the profit-earning stage is only reached after a certain number of vicissitudes. I am firmly convinced that this is going to be the case in Rhodesia, just as it was on the Rand. Rhodesia will have to work out its own salvation in the matter of low working costs and a high extraction. Cyanide saved the Rand after the first collapse, and low working costs have served equally well within the past eighteen months. It is all very well for Rhodesian mining men to talk airily at the club about costs coming out lower than on the Rand; but they have yet to show us that the thing can be done, and it would at least have been an earnest of what they mean to do had they profited more than they have done by the early mistakes of the Rand instead of repeating them. They will resent my saying this, for the Rhodesian, albeit an excellent fellow, has one great weakness—he is over-sensitive to criticism, even when it is meant solely for his good.

They will tell me I have not seen enough of their enormous country to form accurate opinions, and I admit I have not seen as much of it as I would like, for the facilities of travelling are not exactly what they are on the Underground Railway; but let us take the average truthful mining-man on his own terms, and it is easy to show that great numbers of Rhodesian mines are not going to pay at the start. Whether a sufficient number will ultimately pay to warrant Chartered standing at 47s. is at the present stage a matter of pure conjecture. There are other things to be taken into account in estimating the intrinsic value of Chartered. But, as regards the mining assets of the Chartered Company, having admitted that there are gold deposits of a certain character in the country, the next point is what is likely to be the rate of working costs and the possible margin of profit.

The average rate of costs on the Rand is 27s. 6d. per ton milled. This is a high rate, yet it is the best that can be done after ten years' unremitting pursuit after improvements and economies. To take one company, by way of a fair illustration, the City and Suburban worked in the first year of its existence at the fabulous rate of 72s. 2d. per ton—this even without cyaniding. In 1888 the rate was still as high as 49s. 4d., and in 1889 it was actually 2d. more. In 1893, when the railway was at Johannesburg and the Rand was in many respects more favourably circumstanced than Rhodesia is to-day, the rate of costs was still no less than 36s. per ton milled.

Let us analyse the facts, and see how Rhodesia compares with the Rand. White labour last year formed 32·03 per cent. of the total charges on the Rand. (I take the figures from the Chairman of the Rand Mines, Limited.) In Rhodesia the cost of living is even higher than it is in the Transvaal, chiefly owing to the greater distance from the ports; and wages and salaries, as a rule, are higher than in Johannesburg. Where the remuneration is no higher, the quality of the labour is generally inferior. Black labour on the Rand accounts for 20·42 per cent. of the total costs.

Rhodesia scores here, for, since the dry season set in, abundance of Zambesi "boys" have been available for the mines at 30s. per month, as against an average of from 40s. to 50s. on the Rand. What is gained on the wages of black labour is, however, practically all lost in the increased cost of the natives' foodstuffs, mealies being 50 per cent. dearer in Bulawayo than in Johannesburg. Explosives form 11·35 per cent. of the charges on the Rand, and here, again, Rhodesia scores, Nobel's dynamite being now 55s., as against 75s. on the Rand. But the 55s. rate is purely a matter of local and temporary competition with an Austrian firm, and, before long, Nobel's dynamite will, as formerly, be sold at about the same price in Johannesburg and Bulawayo. Fuel comes out at 7·43 of the Johannesburg charges, and here it is not possible to institute a comparison, for Rhodesians must perforce for a time run their mines on firewood.

These are the leading figures on the Rand, but, to institute a fair comparison with Rhodesia, there are several vital considerations to be taken into account. Many of the best mines are a hundred miles and more from Bulawayo in different directions, consequently transport will form a heavy item, practically unknown now on the Rand, where every mine has its own railway siding. Then, possibly the chief consideration of all is the comparatively small scale on which operations will necessarily be carried on in Rhodesia as compared with the Rand. By nothing so much as the magnitude of operations has it been possible to pull down costs on the Rand, but with the quartz-reefs of Rhodesia it will only be prudent to work, as a rule, with small batteries. A 10 or 20 stamp battery means a comparatively high rate of costs. There is one thing besides native labour on which a slight saving may be made, and that is mining-timber, of which there is a good supply in the country. In the case of fuel, it will be impossible to beat the cheap coal-supply of the Rand, even after the gold districts have been connected by rail with the Tuli or Zambesi coalfields. For the present there is nothing better than firewood, and you cannot run an important mining industry satisfactorily upon firewood.

In some districts it may be possible to utilise water-power, as in the Lydenburg and Barberton districts of the Transvaal. One little Lydenburg company, Glynn's, more favourably situated naturally than the bulk of the Rhodesian mines, is working at 32s. or 33s. per ton. I question whether many of the mines in Rhodesia will show so satisfactory a rate for the first twelve months after they begin to mill. Mr. Walter Currie, of Willoughby's Consolidated, estimates the Bonsor's rate at 25s. per ton, and that of the Dunraven at 20s., in both cases without cyaniding, for which a few shillings more must be allowed. The Dunraven rate will certainly be low, owing to the little timbering required, but I shall be agreeably surprised if the rate comes out so low as 20s.

The official guess in the case of the Geelong is considerably over 30s., and I think this will be nearer the mark than most of the loose prophecies one hears in Bulawayo about low costs. Generally speaking, costs ought to run from 30s. to 40s., though in particular cases they will mount up even to 50s. The cost of driving is excessive at some of the mines now being developed, and this augurs badly, explain it as Rhodesians may do. I hear of certain cases where driving has cost from £5 to £6 per foot, all charges honestly included; £3 per foot is quite common. Compare this with 4s. per foot, for which your Chinaman has been known to do similar work in the Western States—including timbering where necessary. If my estimate is a correct one, it means that the payable basis in Rhodesia for a time will be a 10 dwt. yield. A certain number of mines can keep this up, but costs must come down to 7½ dwts., and, when this comes about, the number of payable mines will, of course, be increased.

We do not wish to criticise, but, in our opinion, our correspondent is taking too favourable a view of the probable cost per ton. We do not believe that a mine with a 10 or 20 stamp battery, and situated thirty or forty miles from a railway, can be worked for the next two years at less than 50s. a ton.

C. A. PEARSON, LIMITED.

The report of this company bears out what we said in June about the profits. The total for the year ending May 31 is £42,649, or well over three times the sum required to pay the Preference interest. The meeting was, therefore, not remarkable, because everybody appeared more than satisfied with the results obtained; but Sir William Ingram's explicit declaration that the prosperity of the concern in no way depended on Mr. Pearson should completely reassure the most timid shareholder on this important point. We confess we have never been able to understand the fears which have been expressed upon the Stock Exchange as to Mr. Pearson's partial retirement from the detail management, and it is satisfactory to have from such an authority as the Chairman of the Board of Directors a confirmation of the views we have always held. It is harder to kill a well-established newspaper property than even to create one, and, in our deliberate opinion, these Preference shares are as well secured an investment as the corresponding securities of any ordinary brewery or other like industrial concern.

Friday, July 29, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondences in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMBO.—Mines are out of favour, and we see no reason to think that the concerns you name are going to have a rapid rise.

A. W.—The explanation of the conundrum you set us as to the Gordon Hotels report is that the Deferred dividend is paid *once* a year, while that of the Ordinary shares is distributed *twice*.

P. E.—Private letters are only written in accordance with Rule 5. We have, however, sent you the names of the brokers. As to your questions, we can only say that we like nothing about the Tramway shares, and do not think they are a desirable investment. You cannot do better than buy a few Preference shares of C. A. Pearson, Limited, and of the Lady's Pictorial Company if you want reasonable industrial investments, or Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Company Ordinary, if you are willing to run a little more risk for a larger profit. All three have an official quotation.

GULLEN.—See this week's Notes.

O. C. P.—Your letter was answered on July 27.

F. M.—We can add nothing to what we said in our Notes last week on Chili. See answer to "P. E." Imperial Continental Gas stock or Northern Pacific Prior Lien bonds might suit you.

NOTE.—In consequence of going to press early this week, we have been unable to deal with letters reaching us later than July 28.

The Directors of Ogden's, Limited, of Liverpool, after payment of the dividend of 5½ per cent. on the Preference shares, propose to pay a dividend on the Ordinary shares of the company at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum for the half-year ending May 31 last.